

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CHANGES.

"Be the day short, or be the day long,  
At length it ringeth to evensong,"  
*Old Song.*

TIME brings changes,  
Joys and cares,  
Stealing on us  
Unawares.

Yesterday is gone for aye,  
And to-morrow is to-day;  
So the hours flee fast away,  
And the days roll on.

See the young spring's budding story  
Fading in the summer's glory,  
Autumn dies to winter hoary,  
And the days roll on.

From the church tower,  
Hark; the bell  
Tolls the old year's  
Passing knell.

Ah! how swift the months have fled,  
Since around his infant head  
Hope her dewy halo shed!  
So the days roll on.

Spread of stainless snow his pall,  
Let its whiteness cover all,  
The dark proofs of many a fall,  
As the days rolled on.

Crimson gashes  
Hide from sight,  
And deeper hued,  
Shunning light.

Sorrows that our hearts have known,  
Hopes that are forever flown,  
Crosses we have borne alone,  
As the days rolled on.

Welcome in the new-born year,  
Though we see but dimly here,  
There is *One* who seeth clear  
As the days roll on.

Time brings changes,  
Joys and cares,  
Stealing on us  
Unawares.

Bring this new year what it may,  
Sweet or bitter, night or day,  
It full soon shall flee away,  
And the days roll on.

Love is living, faith is strong, —  
Be the hours or swift or long,  
Still they chant their morning song  
As the days roll on.

ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

## A QUIET NIGHT.

So still the starry night, I almost fear  
My mortal tread, lest I should put to flight  
A fairy that, for sometime of the year,  
Holds court in this old garden by the night.  
The flow'rs are broad awake: for very truth  
On this forsaken ground enchantment dwells,  
Such as may breathless hold an am'rous youth,  
Who seeks at dead of night for lover spells,  
With anxious, fearful heart in haunted dells.

I will not walk, but sit upon this seat,  
That I may see, and hear, and no noise  
make;

In time gone by how many gentle feet  
Strayed hitherward to rest for dear love's  
sake?

Brave, bright-eyed youths, and many a gentle  
maid

Came, haply, here in June or autumn cold,  
Leaving the great hall by the portal's shade  
To tell a tale that even then was old —  
How oft at this seat has the tale been told?

The growing things, it seems, have eyes to see;  
They softly shake their heads, but make no  
moan;

It may be they are whispering of me,  
And wond'ring why I wandered here alone.

I am not waiting for a partner; no,  
You need not point at me for that; the hall  
Is rank with ruin; lovers do not go  
To feast together at the baron's call,  
For years they have been dead and buried,  
all.

How silent! how bewilderingly calm!  
How strange in such a place to be alone!  
The big owl on the bough is fixed by charm;  
The cat sits on the wall still as a stone:  
Listen! the nightingale! Oh, what a thrill  
Of glory falls on all fair things around!  
Now know I why this place has been so still;  
The fairies have shut out all grosser sound  
To hear your song in this old garden-ground.  
All The Year Round.

## "WITH PIPE AND FLUTE."

With pipe and flute the rustic Pan  
Of old made music sweet to man,  
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,  
And closelier drew the calm-eyed herd, —  
The rolling river slower ran.

Ah! would, ah! would, a little span,  
Some air of Arcady could fan  
This age of ours too seldom stirred  
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;  
And from Beersheba unto Dan,  
An Orpheus' self might walk unheard,  
Or find the night-jar's note preferred:  
Not so it fared when time began,  
With pipe and flute!

Examiner.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From The British Quarterly Review.  
JULIAN'S LETTERS.\*

THE letters of Julian are chiefly valuable in two respects, as illustrating a critical period of the history of Rome and the world, and as expressing the character, sentiments, and style of the great emperor individually. Their importance as documents of historical evidence, along with the "Orations," the "Misopogon," and the "Cæsars," has been felt by all writers on that period from Zosimus to Gibbon, who agree in praising their language and style no less than the fulness and trustworthiness of their testimony. Indeed there is hardly any great event in the later career and times of Julian which is not touched on in one or other of his letters. His campaigns in Gaul, the steps which led to his revolt against Constantius, his re-establishment and attempted reformation of paganism, his plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem and resettlement of the Jewish people, his conduct to the Christians and in particular to Athanasius, his benefits to Greece, and his designs on Persia, India, and the East generally; these, with many other points of scarcely less interest, derive no inconsiderable illustration from passages of the emperor's correspondence. How much Gibbon was indebted to these letters for his magnificent sketch of Julian and his age, is shown not only by the extracts he has translated in the text, but by the frequent references he makes to them in the notes of his history. As a mine, therefore, of historical illustration, these epistles may be said to be almost, if not altogether, exhausted. In their other aspect, however, the case seems to us to be different: their biographical value appears to have been appreciated far less than their historical. The picture they set before us of the man as distinct from the emperor—of the private friend, patron, adviser, comforter—of the student, author, believer, devotee—the representation, in fact, of the "inner life," the feelings, motives, aims, standards, principles, partialities, of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever seen

—this strikes us as worthy of a closer study than it has hitherto received. Nothing that falls from a man's pen is, as a rule, so characteristic of him as his letters, while unfortunately in no branch of composition is antiquity (and Greek in particular) so deficient. If in his zeal for ancient literature Sir William Temple could bestow such extravagant praise on a "fardel of commonplaces" like the spurious Epistles of Phalaris (of which, notwithstanding, repeated translations have been published even since the demonstration of their unauthenticity), it seems strange that, in a learned and letter-writing century like the last, so little notice should have been taken, particularly in England, of a collection of letters from the pen of a man like Julian, the greater part of which have never had their genuineness disputed, while nearly every one has, more or less, a value of its own. Yet, so far as we can discover, not a single complete version of these epistles exists in English, though France has shown its appreciation of the imperial admirer of Paris by at least two translations of them published since 1740. We propose, therefore, to set before our readers some account of the correspondence of Julian with his friends and contemporaries, citing parts of his most characteristic letters, and pointing out such of the less familiar features of his mind and disposition as appear to receive illustration from them.

Before, however, we proceed to the substance of the letters, it may be well to say something about their number, those to whom they were addressed, and the way in which they have been transmitted to us. Although the manuscripts are numerous, none are considered older than the fifteenth century, and no single manuscript contains the entire collection which we now possess, while the letters found in each appear for the most part in a different order. Of the editions, the first, published at the Aldine Press, in Venice, in 1499, comprised only forty-eight of the letters; in another, of 1583, five more appeared; others were discovered and published from time to time by various hands—three of them by the well-known Jesuit scholar and professor of theology at Paris,

\* *Juliani Imperatoris quas feruntur Epistolæ.* Ludovicus Henricus Heyler. Moguntia. 1828.

in 1621, Dionysius Petau, and a like number by the still more famous Muratori, custodian of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, about 1709. The last and fullest collection made by Heyler, in his edition published at Mainz in 1828, which we have placed at the head of this article, amounts to eighty-three, of which, however, eight, partly on external and partly on internal grounds, have their genuineness justly suspected. At the same time there is little question that the largest number that has reached us represents but a small portion of the emperor's correspondence, with whom the writing and receiving of letters amounted to little less than a passion. Hardly any of those now in our possession can, we think, be dated further back than A.D. 355, the year in which Julian, at the age of twenty-five, was created Cæsar, and married to his cousin Helena, youngest daughter of Constantine the Great. It is true that the circumstances of the author's childhood and early youth were such as to render extremely difficult and dangerous anything approaching to free and open communication with relatives, friends, or acquaintances; but however this may be, we have Julian's own testimony\* to the fact that he was in the habit of writing at all events to the tutor who had taught him the study and love of Plato; while in another of his letters† he refers to sundry orations and epistles of his own which have not come down to posterity. If it is a matter of regret that within the period of his correspondence we have no letter throwing any light on his relations with Helena, or on the circumstances of his family and domestic life, it is an infinitely deeper loss that nothing he may have written during the twenty years of his Christian profession has been preserved to us; still more that we have no explanation addressed in the confidence of private intercourse to philosopher or friend of the influences that produced his momentous change from Christianity to paganism.

A few of the letters are not strictly en-

titled to the name, partaking as they do of the nature of edicts, or rescripts on public matters, addressed to the governors and other officials of countries or towns, occasionally to the body of citizens themselves. Such, for example, are those addressed to Ecdikius, the prefect of Egypt; one (6) decreeing the sentence of banishment against Athanasius; another (56), referred to below, containing minute instructions for the foundation of a school of music at Alexandria; while in 10 we have an indignant homily addressed, "To my citizens of Alexandria," for their lawlessness and ferocity in the assassination of their Bishop George; and in 25, the famous manifesto to the Jewish people, promising the restoration of their temple, and asking their prayers for himself. Not the least interesting of this class is the letter of directions sent to Arsakius, high-priest of Galatia, concerning measures for the reformation of paganism, such as a system of relief for the poor, and a stricter law of life for the priests. In 21 the emperor presents an active and devout priestess named Callixeina to an additional charge in the temple of Cybele at Pessinus, as a reward for her past services in the pagan cause; while in 43 he directs Hekebolus to confiscate all Church property in Edessa, as a punishment for the factious violence of the Arian party there. We must not omit the famous edict in 42, containing and justifying the prohibition of Greek studies to Christian teachers; while the exemption from senatorial duties, conceded in 64 to medical men, supplies a fresh illustration of the honor that Julian, in the spirit of a favorite Homeric line,\* was always disposed to pay to professors of the healing art. In another letter, or rather edict, numbered 65, we find the emperor, whom Ammianus characterizes

\* Il. xi. 514, Ἱητρὸς γὰρ, or (as Julian quotes it), Ἐἰς ἱητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἀνδρῶν. Cf. Letter 45, where Julian encourages Zeno, a distinguished medical professor as well as practitioner, who had been banished from Alexandria through some participation in the affair of Bishop George, to return to the city where he was so appreciated and missed. It will be remembered that Oribasius, Julian's devoted friend and confidant (to whom Letter 17 is addressed), was as distinguished for his medical learning as for professional skill. He was with Julian at the time of his death.

\* See letter to Themistius, published among Julian's works.

† Letter 27. (Heyler's ed.)



as *vulgi plausibus letus*.\* prohibiting all public acclamations addressed to himself on entering a temple. "The people may applaud if they liked when he came into a *theatre*; in sacred buildings they should reserve their praises for the gods." Of letters *to relations*, with a single exception, we possess none. Gallus, his brother, had been put to death by Constantius just before the probable date of the earliest of these letters. Helena, his wife, died, as it would seem, a very few years after their marriage, poisoned, as has been thought, by the empress Eusebia. One letter there is (13) to his uncle of the same name, a more zealous pagan than even the emperor, in which the latter defends himself for his insurrection against Constantius. Of the remaining letters, the bulk, numbering about thirty, are written to orators, sophists, and philosophers; and as Julian, whom nature had made for a student though fortune called him to a throne, opens his heart most freely in this part of his correspondence, it shall receive the first share of our attention, having been least noticed by others hitherto.

Of Julian's chief favorites among the ranks of the poets, philosophers, and orators of his time, Maximus, the eminent theurgist of Ephesus; Iamblichus, the Neoplatonic sage of Apameia; Libanius, the sophist of Antioch; Proaeresius, the rhetorician, a native of Armenia; and Priscus, the philosopher who conversed with the emperor on his death-bed — are those best known in history, to whom we have surviving letters in this collection. Of certain other literary and scientific personages, bearing the names of Elpidius, Euclides, Aristoxenus, Eugenius, and Lucianus, we know nothing but what may be gathered from the brief and unimportant notes sent them by their imperial correspondent. This class of letters presents for the most part the same characteristic features — the deepest enthusiasm for learning and knowledge; an insatiable hunger for brisk, regular, and unreserved correspondence; the warmest expressions of friendship and affection on a footing of perfect equality; an admiration amounting

almost to idolatry for men of genius, with a longing for their society; the humblest estimate of his own powers and productions in comparison with theirs; and a profuse generosity in offers of hospitality, assistance, and favors. The first in order of his letters to Maximus affords us a good specimen of some of these traits, as it does also of Julian's literary style: —

We are told that Alexander of Macedon was accustomed to sleep with the poems of Homer under his pillow, in order, I suppose, that by night as well as by day he might have access to compositions of such a martial tone. Your letters, on the contrary, we keep by our bedside, as so many healing medicines, and never cease poring over them, just as if they were still fresh, and had only now for the first time come into our hands. Accordingly, if you would make intercourse by letter adequately to represent your personal presence, you must go on writing, and writing, too, constantly and without fail. Yet I would rather you should come yourself to us, with the blessing of the gods, remembering that so long as you are away from our side, we can only be said to live, while holding intercourse with you by letter.

This invitation Maximus, who was then residing at Sardis, promptly accepted, and taking leave of Asia, the citizens of which lavished on him greetings and honors at his departure, arrived at Constantinople just when his imperial patron happened to be hearing trials and delivering an oration in the senate. The latter forthwith sprang from his place and rushed some way out of the senate-house to meet and embrace the philosopher. He then conducted him into the assembly, introducing him with reverence to the members, and declaring the benefits he had received from his teaching and example. From that time it is probable that Maximus was never long absent from the court, to whose temptations he fell only too easy a victim. The next letter addressed to him represents the emperor as submitting some orations of his own to the philosophical critic, whose judgment, with characteristic humility, he probably estimates far beyond its real worth. The following is an extract: —

It is said that an eagle, whenever he wants to test the genuineness of his offspring, carries

\* Amm. Marc., xxv. 4.

the yet unfledged eaglets high up into the sky, and makes them face the rays of the sun, to prove himself, as it were, in the eye of the God of Day, the parent of a genuine brood, wholly free from any adulterous connection. Well now, on the same principle, we are going to put the literary offspring of our brain into your hands, as into those of learned Homer, and if these productions can stand the test of your critical ear, you must then decide whether they are capable of sustaining further flights, to reach the hands of others; but if they cannot, throw them away then and there, as aliens to the Muses, or drown them in some river as bastards.

Maximus, however, would seem to have been more than the tutor, friend, and critic of Julian. From another letter (the longest and most interesting of those written to the philosopher) we learn that dangerous results were apprehended by Julian from the warm and active interest taken by his friend in the success of his insurrection against Constantius. He assures him of his anxiety, fostered by omens and dreams, for the safety of the philosopher, whom zeal for the cause of his pupil and patron may have involved in trouble and risk. He does not even dare himself to consult the gods, for fear of hearing the fate that might so easily have happened to the over-eager partisan. The close of the letter is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it marks the approximate time of the emperor's open avowal and practice of paganism, as well as the person to whom he knew the tidings of his public apostasy would be most agreeable. In his successful march from Paris to Illyria, and his marvellous escape from the swarm of traitors and spies that beset him, he discerns the manifest presence and working of the gods, that claimed and received his gratitude:—

We worship the gods [he says] now in public; and the bulk of the army I have led hither is no less devoted to their service. We make a practice of sacrificing victims openly, and have already rendered a thankoffering to the gods in the form of numerous hecatombs. They direct me to keep myself in everything as pure as possible, and I need not say that I am forward to obey them; while on their part they promise me splendid fruits of all my exertions, if only I become not slack or self-indulgent.

Considering the emperor's intimacy with Libanius, and the numerous letters, still in existence, addressed to him by the latter, we might have expected to find a large and interesting part of his correspondence devoted to the illustrious rhetorician. This is, however, not the case. Of the six

letters written to Libanius, only one contains matter of real interest, enhanced by the fact of its having been written but a very short time before the emperor's death. It is a kind of diary of his march from Antioch in Persia in the spring of A.D. 363, dated from Hierapolis, near the Euphrates, little more than three months before he perished. His devotion to paganism is at its height. At Berœa (or Aleppo) he tells Libanius how in royal style he sacrificed a white bull to Zeus, and discoursed eloquently in favor of the gods to an admiring but unconverted senate. Later on, in the same letter, he informs us that it was his usual practice to sacrifice twice every day, morning and evening. At the same time the emperor shows himself by no means indiscriminating in his pagan zeal. The inhabitants of Batnæ he criticises for their extravagance and demonstrativeness, for the lack of that sobriety, reserve, and calm, which he holds to be the spirit of true religion, though he cannot help feeling gratified by their devotion to the cause of polytheism. The other letters written by Julian to his "fond and affectionate brother" (as he styles Libanius) are taken up with extravagant eulogies on sundry orations and compositions by the great sophist, which the emperor declares he can never read enough, or be tired of reading; which he values, as not only masterpieces of style, but as testimonies to their author's sincere and steadfast friendship for himself, "of which he trusts he may always be worthy."

However, Julian by no means expended all his idolatry of literary genius on Maximus and Libanius. One, of whom next to nothing is known, attracted to himself a far larger share of the emperor's homage and admiration. The Iamblichus to whom six of these letters were addressed must be carefully distinguished from the eminent mystic of Chalcis in Syria, who died in the reign of Constantine, and some of whose writings have come down to us. Whether the Iamblichus we meet with in Julian's works was a descendant of this last or not, we have no means of judging. He seems to have been, like his more illustrious namesake, a native of Syria, born at Apameia, in the valley of the Orontes, and, like him, to have pursued the study of a high-toned and probably Neoplatonic philosophy, which can hardly have impressed the mass of his contemporaries with the profound veneration it received from Julian. He seems to have been in constant correspondence with the emperor, whose replies are characterized

by a tone of almost abject adoration. Iamblichus is his "darling," his "preceptor," "one to whose robe he would like to cling, never to be parted," "the very signature of whose letters he kisses over and over again, every line from whose pen he values above all the gold of Lydia." He further styles him "the physician of souls," "a sun of wisdom," "a blessing to the universe," "one set for the salvation of the whole race of mankind," and "the embodiment and harmonizer of the collective wisdom of Hellas." Here is a longer specimen of one of these gushing effusions :—

When the tidings reached me of the arrival of a letter from you, I had been suffering for a couple of days from a disorder in the stomach, and feeling such extreme pain all over me, that a fever seemed to be imminent. The instant, however, that I heard of your messenger being at the door, I sprang up like one beside himself, and rushed out before any attendant could make his appearance. And, what is more, no sooner had I got your letter into my hands than (I swear by the living gods, and by that affection with which I have ever burned towards you) all my pains instantly quitted me, and even the symptoms of fever vanished, as if confounded by the visible presence of some mysterious deliverer. (Letter 60.)

In another letter (41) Julian sends Iamblichus, not without humble apology, an oration of his own (composed, it seems, at the desire of Constantius), requesting the philosopher to criticise, and if necessary, to supply its defects. This, too, is written in the same fulsome and extravagant style. In it Iamblichus is likened to Hermes, Apollo, Orpheus, and the rest; "it requires some courage to look him in the face;" "his approval will be equivalent to that of Athena"—and more of this sort. These letters, to our mind, form the least agreeable portion of Julian's correspondence, and though there is no reason for supposing them to have come from any other hand, they probably represent his youthful efforts at style no less than a blind and almost boyish admiration of a very overrated thinker and writer.

It is much to be regretted that there has been preserved to us but a single letter to another philosopher, who deserved the favor of his imperial master far more than either Maximus or Iamblichus. We refer to the excellent Priscus, the wise, reserved, Platonic theurgist, who, originally introduced by Maximus to the society of Julian, followed him through his Persian campaign, and helped to alleviate the suf-

ferings of his death-bed by discussions on the nature of the soul. There is nothing of particular interest in the only surviving letter to his "dearest brother and warmest friend" (as he styles Priscus), to whose wife (Hippia) and children he adds, with unusual courtesy, his compliments. He ranks his friend among "the genuine philosophers, to benefit whom he himself alone desires to live," and trusts "that the Divine Providence" (the letter throughout breathes a remarkable spirit of piety) "may preserve him for many years in health and strength." There are a few other letters in the collection addressed to literary names of less note; but we have given specimens enough to illustrate this side of Julian's character in its devotion to intellectual merit, and will close this part of our subject with a singularly graceful and tender letter of advice from the emperor to a couple of old fellow-students, probably at Athens, Eumenius and Pharianus, which speaks as much for the soundness of his judgment as it does for the affectionateness of his heart.

If any one has made you believe that there exists for man a pleasanter or more profitable occupation than the calm, undistracted pursuit of philosophy, you have been greatly deluded by one who must first have deluded himself; but should your old enthusiasm for study still survive, and not, like a bright flame, have been extinguished, I congratulate you from my very heart. Four years have gone by already, and now nearly another quarter more, since we took leave of each other, and I should vastly like to know how much progress you have both made in the interval. As for myself, I should be surprised if I could utter a single word of Greek, so completely have I been barbarized by my places of abode. Do not, I pray you, despise the composition of speeches, or neglect rhetoric, and your habit of familiarizing yourselves with the poets. At the same time let your main attention be directed to science, and your chief energies devoted to the systems of Aristotle and Plato. Make this your real work: it is, believe me, the foundation, base, superstructure, ay, and roof too, of the edifice of learning, while all the rest is mere by-play, though pursued by you with more zeal than is shown by some in their real work. This advice is prompted, God knows, simply by the brotherly affection I feel for you as old schoolfellows, and very dear ones too. So if you listen to my suggestions I shall love you all the more, while I should be much pained to find you disapprove them, though this latter alternative and its consequences I would fain, for omen's sake, omit. (Letter 55.)

But Julian was a great deal more than the patron, admirer, and even worshipper

of philosophers and men of letters. He was himself a laborious scholar, a devoted student (*eruditus et studiosus cognitionum omnium princeps*),\* a passionate bibliomaniac,† as these letters, apart from the style and substance of the emperor's other writings, sufficiently show. "Some people," he says (9), "have a passion for horses, some for birds, and others for animals: mine, however, has been from childhood for acquiring books." Accordingly we find him writing a couple of letters, one to Ecdikius, prefect of Egypt, another to an unknown personage of the name of Porphyrius, with the object of securing the library of George, the murdered Arian bishop of Alexandria, which appears to have contained numerous and valuable works on philosophy, rhetoric, and theology. Some of these manuscripts, it appears, Julian had borrowed and benefited by during his residence in Cappadocia, and he displays the greatest anxiety lest any of them, through the roguery of relatives or of slaves, should be lost. "There are," he writes, "among them several treatises connected with the doctrine of the Galileans. These for themselves he would like to perish, but for fear of other precious works perishing with them, he requests that an accurate list may be rendered of these as well, while the whole collection when complete is to be sent to Antioch, where it is possible that at the date of his letter he was composing his "Misopogon." His own tastes, as we might suppose, lay wholly in the direction of the purest and best ages of Greek literature. That he possessed a fair acquaintance with the Latin language, we know from the express statement of Ammianus;‡ but the absence of any reference to the *literature*, would seem to show he was ignorant of, or indifferent to, even the masterpieces of the poets, orators, and historians of Italy. Greek, on the other hand, is his passion. "Divine Homer" is his Bible, from which he is perpetually quoting: he styles himself "a zealot for the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle." Even in these letters there is hardly one Greek writer of eminence, except Æschylus, to whom reference is not made. Hesiod, Simonides, Sappho, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, Euripi-

des, Aristophanes, Lysias, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Theocritus, Callimachus, Theophrastus, Heraklides Ponticus, are all mentioned, some of them frequently, in the course of his correspondence. It is remarkable that the first notice of the poet Babrius should occur in one of these letters (59), where Julian supposes the person whom he is addressing to have heard the fable of "The Man and the Weasel," the first line of which he quotes, though incorrectly, referring for the sequel to the *βιβλίον*, or entire collection, as being easily accessible. At the same his passion for graver studies did not render his many-sided mind insensible to the charms of music, art, or even natural scenery. One of these letters referred to above contains instructions, addressed to the prefect Ecdikius, for the institution of a school of music at Alexandria, which reads so much like a statute framed by some mediæval founder for the encouragement of "plain song" among the scholars, that we are tempted to give it entire.

Whereas I consider no study more deserving of attention than that of first-rate music, I desire you will select from among the population of Alexandria certain well-born lads, who shall be supplied each with two Egyptian artabai per month, besides rations of corn, wine, and oil, and be provided also with clothes by the comptroller of the treasury. The boys are to be chosen for a definite time, according to their voice. Should any give promise of further abilities to reach a high degree in the science of music, let them be informed that we propose to offer to such very substantial rewards. For that the minds of these lads will, independently of our encouragement, be benefited by that cleansing power which perfect music exerts, we may rest assured on the authority of those who in past times have laid down excellent regulations on the subject. So much for the new choristers. As for those now under the instruction of the music-master, Dioscorus, make them adhere all the more diligently to their practice, since we are prepared to assist them in whatever way they may choose. (Letter 56.)

Nor while we are upon this subject, may it be uninteresting to notice an epigram of the emperor's, couched in hexameters, upon an "organ," especially as so much uncertainty rests on the date when the earliest forms of this instrument were invented and used. If the first discovery of the *hydraulic*\* organ, be, as is

\* Amm. Marc., xxi. 1.

† Compare the passage in "Orat." iii., where he places highest on the list of Eusebia's kindnesses to him her present of the best writings of the philosophers, historians, poets, and rhetoricians. He founded and stocked the library at Constantinople. Zosimus, iii., c. 11.

‡ Amm. Marc., xvi. 5.

\* The "organ" of Genesis iv. 21 and Job xxi. 12 was probably a kind of pipe. See a learned excursus on the subject of "organs" in Wernsdorff's "Poet. Lat. Min." vol. ii.; and of Ammianus, xiv., c. vi., 18.

said, really due to Ctesibius of Alexandria, B.C. 250, it would appear to have existed rather as a curious invention than an aid or appliance to musical art for nearly four or five centuries afterwards, Tertullian being usually considered the earliest author who speaks of organs as in use. Notwithstanding, a hundred years later still, it would seem that they were more or less strange, at least at Constantinople, and (we may presume) in the East generally. Julian's epigram manifestly treats of the instrument as a thing seen for the first time, a strange kind of reed pipe, as he styles it, sprung, one might think, from a soil of bronze. It is a wind, and not a water organ. He speaks of the "air darting forth from its oxhide cavity," and the player, it may be noticed, is represented as "standing," while "with nimble fingers he sweeps the keys." Sculpture also would seem to have possessed its attractions for Julian's mind. Not only in his other works do we find him making reference to the great masterpieces of the old artists, but in one of his letters particularly, after adducing by way of illustration two or three of the smaller sculptures of Phidias, he digresses into some remarks that display minute observation and a delicate sensibility of the beauties of this branch of the fine arts. "Phidias," he observes, "gained his reputation, not by his grand works at Athens or Olympia only, but almost as much by his minor pieces, into which he contrived to compress the highest perfections of artistic skill." In illustration of this he quotes, as being well known, certain bronze figures of the smallest dimensions by that artist, one called the cicada, and two others, the fly and the bee, executed in bronze, and expressing the minute originals with marvellous exactness and life. But more remarkable than either of these must have been the representation (cited in the same letter) of Alexander on horseback, wounding an animal, chased or embossed probably, like the others, in bronze, though in size no bigger than the dimensions of a finger nail! Julian writes as if he had the piece itself, or a copy of it, before him, describing, though in somewhat artificial and obscure language, the lifelike animation of the group, the furious expression of the royal sportsman, the wound just inflicted on the animal, and the rearing

horse scarce seeming to touch the ground. Whether the letter may have been written from the city of Phidias or not, we have no means of ascertaining: anyhow, it seems to show that during his residence at Athens the student of philosophy could not have been insensible to the charms and lessons of art.

After all, however, the temperament of the simple-mannered and ascetic emperor led him to find still more enjoyment in the world of nature than in that of art. The life of cities he abominated; the theatre,\* the circus, the hippodrome, were a weariness to his meditative and retiring spirit. Even the Paris to which he was so partial as a place of sojourn, was a very different city from its present representative, and contrasted favorably in his eyes with frivolous, effeminate, gay, luxurious Antioch. In two or three of the letters we have some pleasant touches of natural scenery, descriptions of beautiful places visited on his marches and journeys, in which it is usually the fresh fountains, the shady trees of plane or cypress, and the quiet breezy nooks, where he can follow his own thoughts or feed on a dialogue of Plato, that he most delights to dwell on. There is a pleasant letter (46) to Evagrius, containing an account of a certain estate in Bithynia, which Julian proposes to bestow as a gift on his friend; and one or two extracts from this may help to illustrate the emperor's appreciation of scenery, as well as afford a glimpse of him in his boyish days. It is a very small property, consisting of but four fields that had been left him by his grandmother. He had been very fond of the spot when a lad, with its good springs and delicious bathing-place, its garden and its trees, and had often revisited it since he had grown up, not without many a sigh for the pleasant days he had passed there. It still contained a small relic of his "not very sedulous gardening," in the form of a low vine, which produced from its grapes a particularly sweet and fragrant wine, without any necessity to be kept for maturing. But its situation would appear to have lent it still greater charms in its owner's eyes. Between two and three miles from the sea, in a place undisturbed by rude and brawling sailors, with a plentiful supply of fresh fish, it commanded all

who complains of the popularity of water-organs in the luxurious houses of Rome in his day, in which reading is sacrificed to music. The age of Julian would seem to have been on the whole decidedly unfavorable to art. See "Misopogon" (beginning).

\* It was not from insensibility to the drama that Julian denounced and avoided theatres, but rather for the impropriety of the pieces usually represented on the stage in his time. His ambition would seem to have been to bring back tragic art to its original connection with religion and worship.



the advantages both of land and water. You had only to walk up a little hill, but a few paces from the house, and there before you lay the Propontis with its islands, and the city bearing the name of the illustrious emperor. "There," he writes, "you can stand and gaze, not treading on dirty seaweed, or annoyed by the filthy refuse that is usually flung out on sandy beaches: the ground beneath you is fragrant with clover and gorse and thyme. There you can loll in perfect ease and read for a while, and then, when you like, refresh your eyes with the lovely view of the sea and its vessels." A charming spot indeed, charmingly described, with an enthusiasm, too, which shows us that the indefatigable soldier, like another Washington, while passing a life of peril and hardship amid the snows of Gaul or beneath the suns of Persia, was not unable to appreciate, and sometimes sigh for, the unambitious delights of nature and the leisurely repose of country life, surrounded by his garden and shrubs, his friends, his statues, and his books.

We cannot close this brief account of Julian, as he appears to us from his letters, without noticing those features of his *religious* character which they help to bring out into the fullest light. For although the creed of the Apostate is to be seen more fully formulated in two\* of his orations, and in the satire on the "Cæsars," his more unrestrained utterances on the subject nearest his heart are, as might be expected, to be found in his confidential letters, while those that bear the character of edicts rather than epistles supply the most authentic declaration regarding his attitude not only towards Christianity, but also to the Judaism and paganism of his day. It will be remembered that the religious life of Julian divides itself into three epochs, — the first, embracing the period of his Christian faith from infancy to his twentieth year; the second, from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, when beneath a Christian profession he cherished a pagan faith and secretly practised a pagan cult; and the third, including the last two or three years of his life, when throwing off all disguise he avowed himself the conservative champion of the faith of the Scipios. "You will not" (he writes to the people of Alexandria, Letter 51) "miss the true course if you follow me, who walked according to that way" (meaning Christianity) "for twenty years," but have been, by the

guidance "of the gods, since eleven years ago, led to my present faith." Of these three epochs, the first derives no illustration from Julian's surviving letters, all of which were probably of a later date than A.D. 351, when his intimacy with Libanius and Maximus, and the course of his own studies and speculations, had begun to part him from the faith of his youth. There is, however, an interesting letter (if we could only persuade ourselves of its genuineness), printed by Heyler at the end of his collection, purporting to be written by Gallus to his half-brother Julian, perhaps between 351 and 354, on hearing a rumor that the latter had "deserted the old religion transmitted from his forefathers, and had plunged into wild superstition." Gallus is delighted, however, to find it is only a rumor.

I was grieving over the intelligence [he writes] when our father Aetius arrived, bringing the glad news that this was not the case, and that all things about you were such as we could desire. For he assured me you continued zealous in attending the houses of prayer, and were not to be debarred from keeping the remembrance of the martyrs, adhering in all respects (as he insisted) to our tenets.

Whether Julian at the time of this letter was still wavering between Christianity and paganism, or whether, as is most probable, from regard to Gallus or fear of Constantius, he was masking his newly-adopted heathenism under a simulated zeal for the religion of the court, it is not easy to determine for certain; but as far as the emperor's own letters that remain throw any light on his faith, they exhibit him uniformly as he was *after* his change, the avowed and unrelenting enemy of Christianity, the unhesitating and devout follower, reformer, and missionary of a comprehensive and mystical paganism.\*

At the close of the "Cæsars" Julian represents Hermes as coming to him and addressing him in the following words: —

To thee I have given to know Mithras for thy father. Do thou therefore cleave to his commandments, and make him thy sure anchor and refuge while thou livest, and when-

\* The only other reference we have been able to find made by Julian to his Christian phase is in his fourth oration (to the sun), where, after lightly touching on his former opinions *περί θεῶν*, he abruptly stops with the words, *ἀλλῇ δὲ ἑστῶ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐκείνου*. At the beginning of the same oration he asserts that his devotion to the sun dated from his childhood (*ἐκ παιδείας*). Cf. Amm. Marc., xxii. 5. *A rudimentis pueritiæ primis inclinatio erat erga numinum cultum.*

\* Or, (4) *In Solem* and (5) *In Deorum Matrem*.



ever thou must depart hence, in good hope take to thyself the gracious god for thy guide.

Mithras being the Persian name for the sun-god, this passage may be taken as the key-note of Julian's theology and religion, as seen in his letters. Although the highest object in his creed was the invisible, unknowable, perfect, and eternal First Cause, yet he always speaks of the sun as the purest image and representative of the supreme God to man, describing him to the Alexandrians (51) as the true representative of the *λόγος Θεοῦ*, the "living, rational, beneficent image of the intellectual Father." It is to the sun above all other gods that he prays for help and guidance in the business and enterprises of life (13). To the sun he appeals as witness of his innocence, ranking it at other times in adjunctions with "Zeus and Athena, and all the gods and goddesses." Morning and evening (as Libanius tells us: cf. Ep. 27) he sacrificed to it at a shrine within his palace, when he could not worship in the public temple of Helios. Whenever he writes of *Θεός* and *ὁ Θεός*, or *Θεία πρόνοια*, we may fairly suppose that he has in his mind the bright god, creator, preserver, and nourisher of mankind; while the future life, in which (61) he records his firm belief, is to consist in the soul returning to the sun and dwelling in its light forever. (Comp. Orat. 4.) No form of monotheism, however, could possibly have satisfied the mind of Julian: \* the very principle of it was repugnant to his fundamental conviction that every single gift of mind or body, every separate art and science, every branch of education, every bent in the genius of a nation, was derived from, or was under the direction of, some particular deity, disbelief or disrespect towards whom would inevitably be accompanied by a stunted, uncultured, undeveloped condition of life. The larger the creed, the fuller would be the civilization; the more elastic the shrine, the ampler would be the blessings derived. Hence Julian's readiness, while attributing a certain primacy to the sun as "*his god*," to admit into his creed and worship almost any number of deities besides. In one of his orations he pours forth his enthusiastic devotion to Cybele, whose temple and worship at Pessinus he twice mentions in these letters, in the first (21), appointing a priestess to her shrine; in the second (49), exhorting the people, as they valued the

favor of the emperor, to become heartier in their adoration of the "mother of the gods." \* More interesting, however, is his attitude to the God of the Jews, "the Almighty Creator who deigned to crown him with his undefiled right hand," to whom he both prays himself, and desires that the nation should intercede for him, while he hopes one day in person "to give glory with them" to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the restored temple of Jerusalem (25). In another remarkable letter (63) he seems to identify the God of the Old Testament with the Architect and Ruler of the whole visible world, whom he worships only under a different name. Speaking elsewhere, apparently of the Jews, he adds (though the passage is unfortunately mutilated):—

These people are in a certain degree religious, honoring as they do a Being who is indeed most mighty and most good, who rules over the visible world, and whom I am aware we also adore only under other names. Accordingly, so far I consider they are right, as long as they transgress not the laws. It is in this alone that I hold them wrong, viz., that disregarding all the other gods, they pay their whole devotion to their one Deity by himself, from any share in whom, with a strange presumption, they hold us Gentiles alone to be excluded. (Letter 63.)

Admitting then an indefinite number of divinities into his pantheon, with a certain primacy ascribed on his own part to the sun-god, Julian's temperament was not such as to be content with any mere passive contemplation or mystical intuition of these multifarious objects of his belief. No ceremonial of outward worship could be too solemn, costly, or elaborate for the imperial ritualist, who ranked his office of supreme pontiff above all his other civil or military dignities. *Φιλοθύτης* was the epithet applied by Socrates (H. E. iii. 20) to Julian, who speaks (in his thirty-eighth letter) with unfeigned delight of sacrificing numerous hecatombs with his own hand amid the public gaze; while even his pagan friends could say of him in jest, that had he returned victorious from Persia, the whole species of bulls and cows would have been extinguished by the number of his sacrifices. The gods (he says) deserve a love passing that of the wife for her husband (21); and whosoever loves the gods must look with pleasure and honor upon

\* Comp. the fine lines of Prudentius, "Apoth." 450, etc., especially v. 453. *Amanus tercentum millia divum.*

\* His midnight devotions were addressed to Hermes. Cf. Amm. Marc., xvi. 5. *Nocte dimidiata semper exurgens . . . occulte Mercurio supplicabat, quem mundi velociorem sensum esse, motum mentium suscitantem, theologica prodidere doctrina.*

the images and shrines that represent them to us. He consults their oracles when in difficulty: he has thank-offerings for them when he recovers from sickness or is rescued from danger. Dreams and visions come from them and must be referred to them for their issue and meaning; while the specimens we have of Julian's prayers seem tinged with some faint hues from the faith of his childhood, like the following one from the close of his oration to Cybele, in which, after "invoking for all mankind that happiness, the sum of which is to know the gods," he continues: "Grant also to me the fruits of serving thee, a true belief concerning the gods, and a perfect way of performing their rites. In all my doings, undertaken in peace or war, give me virtue with success, and make the end of my life to be without pain and honorable, cheered with the fair hope of passing into your company."

So far, however, it might be said that Julian was only following the example of Augustus on a somewhat larger scale, developing and reforming, though with far deeper sincerity, the pagan system of belief and worship on its own lines and after its own principles. But Julian did not stop here; his wider aim was to reanimate the corrupt and dying faith with the spirit of the religion he had deserted. He would, if he could, have made himself the head of an organized Pagan Church, the supreme pontiff of a cultivated priesthood, with a gorgeous ritual, a philosophical system of education, a pure morality, and a philanthropic mission. In illustration of this we cannot do better than give a few extracts from a letter of instructions (49) addressed by Julian to Arsakius, high-priest of Galatia. After remarking that what has principally contributed to the growth of "atheism" (Christianity), is kindness towards strangers, care for the burial of the dead, and an affected seriousness of life, he goes on:—

All these points I consider should be earnestly attended to by us. Nor is it sufficient for you personally to maintain this high character; all the priests throughout Galatia must be the same. These you must either induce by menace or argument to live virtuously, or else remove them from their priestly office, unless they will, together with their wives, children, and servants, devote themselves to the gods, and not permit their families, domestics, and such as have intermarried with Galileans, to be not only irreverent to the gods, but openly to prefer atheism above the worship of these. In the next place I would have you recommend a priest neither to ven-

ture into a theatre, nor drink in a shop, nor conduct any trade or occupation of a low and discreditable character. Furthermore I require you to set up in every city numerous lodging-houses, where strangers (not only such as belong to us [pagans], but all others who may be in want of means) may enjoy the benefits of our philanthropy. . . . It is a shame that while no Jew ever begs, while the godless Galileans, besides their own poor, support ours as well, these last receive no relief from their own people at all.

After directing that the duties of systematic charity should be impressed on the pagans, and that the villagers be required to offer their first-fruits to the gods, he adds certain rules for maintaining the dignity of the priesthood,\* especially in relation to the civil rulers and officers (6). All communications with governors were to be held through letter, not by personal intercourse. Whenever the latter made their entrance into the city, no priest was to go out to meet them; but when they visited the temple, the priest might come to meet them as far as the court. No soldier, was, on such occasion, to precede the magistrates into the temple, though as many as chose might follow; "because no sooner does a magistrate cross the threshold of the sanctuary than he becomes at once a private man: inside the temple the priest is supreme" (49). Another letter (62) shows us that Julian was prepared to carry out his belief in the dignity and inviolability of the priesthood. An officer, who was accused to the emperor by the high-priest of his province of having beaten a certain priest, Julian, after reprimanding him for his sacrilegious act, suspends from his office for a period of three months, closing his sentence with a prayer that the gods would forgive him his transgression.

By such means as those just described did Julian hope to reinvigorate paganism, both as a creed and as a cult, and, when thus purified and strengthened, to diffuse it over the world as the instrument for the regeneration of mankind. Without such a reformation (as these letters clearly show) he felt the impotence of the then existing Hellenism to supplant Christianity. "The

\* See a remarkable passage in the "*Fragmentum Oratoris*," in Julian's works (ed. 1630), p. 542. "It is meet that we should reverence not only the images of the gods, but also their temples, sanctuaries, and altars. Furthermore, reason requires that we should honor priests, as ministers and servants of the gods, acting for us in all things appertaining to the gods, helping to procure for us the good gifts that come from the gods; for priests sacrifice and offer prayers for all men. Wherefore it is right to bestow on all such at least equal, if not greater, honors than those we pay to civil magistrates."

world," he says, "has been almost turned upside down by the folly of the Galileans" (7). "Some he finds unwilling to sacrifice, and the few who are willing, ignorant how to set about it" (4). "Worship of the gods is extinct in Alexandria, where Athanasius has brought all the gods of the heathen into contempt." (Cf. Letter 51 with 6). After a marvellous advance, effected within a short time, the career of Hellenism seems arrested: wealth, luxury, indifference to and forgetfulness of antiquity, have together quenched all piety (49 and 63) in the world. To reanimate and restore a system like this was a marvellous conception to have entered the head of any one possessed of such abilities as Julian — only less marvellous than that one of such deep religious sensibilities, pure aspirations, and blameless life, should have found satisfaction in what lesser men had long despised as an idle and effete superstition. How the attempt failed as it was, how it would equally have failed, had the emperor returned from Persia, to further it by commencing, as is possible, a persecution of Christianity, are considerations not falling within the province of these letters. Sundry other points there are, on which they throw considerable light, such as Julian's views of Christianity, and his dealings with the bishops, pastors, teachers, and congregations of various places, especially those of Alexandria, Bostra, and Edessa, — his directions to governors and magistrates respecting their treatment of the "Galileans" — his sentiments towards Constantius — his designs against Persia, and, in the event of his success, against India and the Arabian tribes. (Τὴν Σαρακηνῶν, Letter 77.) But whatever may be gathered on these and like matters is to be found, generally speaking, in the pages of Gibbon and the best Church historians. It is time for us to close the present sketch with a few remarks on the style and diction of the letters.

Ammianus, in various places of his history of Julian, speaks with high praise of the "pure elegance and dignity" (*cum gravitate comitas incorrupta*, xvi. 5) of the letters, "the eloquence and pleasant style of his speeches." Editors of the emperor's works are never weary of extolling the gracefulness of their manner and beauty of their diction; while, on the other hand, De Quincey (strangely enough) discovers nothing but "monstrous coxcombr," in one who was, he forgets, by taste, education, and circumstances, bred in Hellenism, "writing in Greek at all his

barren memoranda." \* A dispassionate survey of the letters will at all events discover one great merit of the style, that it exactly reflects the writer, alike in its strength and weakness, its merits and defects. The vanity and humility, the grandeur and puerility, the solid learning and showy pedantry, the abrupt terseness and tedious garrulity, the pleasant irony and malicious banter, these and other qualities of the man transfuse themselves into the style of the letter-writer. A few of the letters are written with an ease and naturalness that could hardly be surpassed; two or three are intolerable for the trifling nature of their contents and gross pedantry of their style, as, *e.g.*, when, on sending a hundred figs to a friend, he writes a long disquisition on the various merits of that fruit, illustrated from Homer, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, and sundry others, which is immediately followed by another rambling discussion on the excellence of the number ten (24). The bulk of them strike us as marked by an effort and strain, a self-consciousness and literary affectation, that scarcely entitle them to the praise that has been heaped on them upon the score of their style and manner. To notice one or two details, Julian has a passion for beginning his letters with a quotation. Now it is a verse from his favorite Homer, now a proverb; here a reference to an oracle, there a story from Herodotus or a fable from Æsop. This he takes as a kind of text, modifying, criticising, and applying it sometimes at such length and in such a way as to leave but little room for the real substance of the communication he has to make. To take an instance from the 21st letter, the real purport of which is to promote Callixeina (a priestess who had displayed signal fidelity in her long service at the shrine of Demeter) to a second charge as priestess of Cybele at Pessinus. This letter he begins, as usual, with the citation of a line from the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, to the effect that time alone establishes a character for justice. This remark, he adds, he should be disposed to extend to a character for purity. We might now suppose the imperial patron of benefices was coming to the point; but no! with Homer ever in his head, he remembers that time also proved the fidelity of Penelope to her husband. Still, he asks, who would think of putting love to a husband on the same level as love to the gods? Notwithstand-

\* Essay on Style, p. 167 (Am. Ed.).

ing, he must needs go into the question about the comparative duration and circumstances of Penelope's devotion to her lord, and that of Callixeina to her goddess, concluding decidedly in favor of the latter; after which the puzzled priestess (who, perhaps, knowing little about Homer, and less about Sophocles, may have been wondering at the drift of the imperial missive) must have been pleased at length to light on three straightforward lines of plain Greek, appointing her to her plurality in the temple of Pessinus. Not but that the emperor could be terse enough when he pleased. To an artist, who had made an over-flattering picture of him, Julian wrote a note of three lines, closing with the pithy request, "Such as you have seen me, such represent me" (66). In another case, in which a lady had met with wrong at the hands of some influential aggressors, he writes to the patriarch as follows:—

I send this second letter about Amogila, as my first produced no effect in consequence of the influence possessed by those who have injured her. The failure of my former despatch you will regret, the present one you will please to respect, and not make it necessary for me to send a third. (Letter 71.)

From the witty author of the "Cæsars" and the "Misopogon" we might perhaps have expected more letters characterized by this rare grace of the intellect than we find in these remains. One or two specimens of amusing irony we come across. Take, for instance, a short letter, addressed to Ecdikius, an uncommunicative and not very observant prefect of Egypt, who had failed to represent to the emperor a remarkable rise in the Nile that had flooded the whole of Egypt. Julian humorously writes to acquaint the prefect of all the details that had happened under his very eyes, as they had been communicated to the emperor by the commander of the troops there, and closes his letter with the words, "As you were not aware of these facts, I thought you might be pleased to hear of them from us." When the shafts of his irony are directed against the Christians, he usually takes pains to steep them beforehand in gall (*μετ' ἐπιπράσεως πικρίαν*).<sup>\*</sup> In a letter, or rather edict, to the chief magistrate of Edessa, where the Arian party in its wealth and insolence had created a serious disturbance, the emperor, in the following terms, issues his mandate of confiscation:—

Whereas therefore it has been prescribed in

their most admirable law in what way they may most successfully reach the kingdom of heaven, we, in our anxiety to assist such people thereto, do hereby direct that all the property of the Church of Edessa be resumed by the State, for distribution among the soldiery, and that its possessions be attached to our private estate, in order that through poverty they may learn wisdom, and not lose that heavenly kingdom which they never cease to hope for.\*

This is not the only passage in which Julian in his love of banter (*φιλοσοκώπτης*, as Socrates calls him)<sup>†</sup> shows himself an exception to Carlyle's saying, that "all great men have been careful to subordinate their talent for ridicule."

As to the *language* of the letters, without going the length of saying, with one of Julian's critics, that "it is an exquisite imitation of the ancients, especially Plato and Demosthenes," much may be safely affirmed in the way of praise. They could not have been written, or rather (as they were for the most part) dictated to an amanuensis, by any one who was not familiar with the best language of the best writers of Hellas. Their author was, as we know, a great talker, but he seldom wrote as he talked. When he took up his pen he took up with it the style, idioms, diction, and dialect of books. We find in many of his letters the balanced sentences, elaborated constructions, artificial periods, the very phrases and formulæ of the best rhetoricians of Greece. Latin words he rarely uses; scarcely half a dozen (amongst which may be enumerated *ἐκρέωνον*, *νοτάριος*, *βρέβια*, *πριβύτοις*) are to be found in the entire collection. Rare uses of even Greek words we seldom come across, such as *θεσπίζειν*, in the sense of "commanding," or *ἀποφύειν*, signifying "to render;" while the latitude with which Julian employs his favorite epithet of *ἐπεὶ* can hardly be said to be pushed by him beyond the precedents found in Homer. Occasional constructions of the particle *ὅτι* with the subjunctive instead of the optative would be a further departure from Attic usage, if they might not be attributed more probably to the imperfections of MSS. than to ignorance of grammatical niceties on the part of the writer. All attempts to discover even the faintest coloring lent to Julian's diction by his early study of the

\* Cf. Socrates, H. E. iii. 22. When certain Christians remonstrated with Julian on the extortions practised on them by the provincial governors, he only replied: "Well, it is your business, when ye suffer wrong, to take it patiently: for such is the commandment of your God."

† H. E. iii. 22.

\* Zosimus, iii. 2.

Christian Scriptures may be pronounced complete failures. On the contrary, we seem to discover an eagerness to avoid everything that might connect him in the smallest degree with the faith he had renounced. It might be interesting to compare further the style and expression of these letters with the contemporary correspondence of Libanius and Gregory Nazianzen, but this would exceed the limits of our sketch. We shall have sufficiently answered our purpose if by any additional touches imparted to the portrait of the great emperor from the perusal of his correspondence, we shall have called attention to a certain portion of his works that, in England at all events, has not hitherto met with the care and consideration it seems to us to deserve.

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THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF  
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EVIL OMEN.

FLORIMEL was beginning to understand that the shield of the portrait was not large enough to cover many more visits to Lenorme's studio. Still, she must and would venture, and should anything be said, there at least was the portrait. For some weeks it had been all but finished, was never off its easel, and always showed a touch of wet paint somewhere: he kept the last of it lingering, ready to prove itself almost yet not altogether finished. What was to follow its absolute completion neither of them could tell. The worst of it was, that their thoughts about it differed discordantly. Florimel not unfrequently regarded the rupture of their intimacy as a thing not undesirable — this chiefly after such a talk with Lady Bellair as had been illustrated by some tale of misalliance or scandal between high and low, of which kind of provision for age the bold-faced countess had a large store: her memory was little better than an ash-pit of scandal. Amongst other biographical scraps one day she produced the case of a certain earl's daughter, who, having disgraced herself by marrying a low fellow — an artist, she believed — was as a matter of course neglected by the man whom, in accepting him, she had taught to despise her, and before a twelvemonth was over — her family finding it impossible to hold com-

munication with her — was actually seen by her late maid scrubbing her own floor.

"Why couldn't she leave it dirty?" said Florimel.

"Why, indeed," returned Lady Bellair, "but that people sink to their fortunes! Blue blood won't keep them out of the gutter."

The remark was true, but of more general application than she intended, seeing she herself was in the gutter, and did not know it. She only spoke of what followed on marriage beneath one's natal position, than which, she declared, there was nothing worse a woman of rank could do.

"She may get over anything but that," she would say, believing, but not saying, that she spoke from experience.

Was it part of the late marquis's purgatory to see now, as the natural result of the sins of his youth, the daughter whose innocence was dear to him exposed to all the undermining influences of this good-natured but low-moraled woman, whose ideas of the most mysterious relations of humanity were in no respect higher than those of a class which must not even be mentioned in my pages? At such tales the high-born heart would flutter in Florimel's bosom, beat itself against its bars, turn sick at the sight of its danger, imagine it had been cherishing a crime, and resolve — soon — before very long — at length — finally — to break so far at least with the painter as to limit their intercourse to the radiation of her power across a dinner-table, the rhythmic heaving of their two hearts at a dance, or the quiet occasional talk in a corner, when the looks of each would reveal to the other that they knew themselves the martyrs of a cruel and inexorable law. It must be remembered that she had had no mother since her childhood, that she was now but a girl, and that the passion of a girl to that of a woman is "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." Of genuine love she had little more than enough to serve as salt to the passion; and passion, however bewitching — yea, entrancing — a condition, may yet be of little more worth than that induced by opium or hashish, and a capacity for it may be conjoined with anything or everything contemptible and unmanly or unwomanly. In Florimel's case, however, there was chiefly much of the childish in it. Definitely separated from Lenorme, she would have been merry again in a fortnight; and yet, though she half knew this herself, and at the same time was more than half ashamed of the whole affair, she did not



give it up — would not — only intended by-and-by to let it go, and meantime gave — occasionally — pretty free flutter to the half-grown wings of her fancy.

Her liking for the painter had therefore, not unnaturally, its fits. It was subject in a measure to the nature of the engagements she had — that is, to the degree of pleasure she expected from them: it was subject, as we have seen, to skilful battery from the guns of her chape-one's in-trenchment; and more than to either was it subject to those delicate changes of condition which in the microcosm are as frequent and as varied both in kind and degree as in the macrocosm. The spirit has its risings and settings of sun and moon, its clouds and stars, its seasons, its solstices, its tides, its winds, its storms, its earthquakes — infinite vitality in endless fluctuation. To rule these changes Florimel had neither the power that comes of love nor the strength that comes of obedience. What of conscience she had was not yet conscience toward God, which is the guide to freedom, but conscience toward society, which is the slave of a fool. It was no wonder then that Lenorme, believing, hoping, she loved him, should find her hard to understand. He said *hard*, but sometimes he meant *impossible*. He loved as a man loves who has thought seriously, speculated, tried to understand — whose love, therefore, is consistent with itself, harmonious with his nature and history, changing only in form and growth, never in substance and character. Hence, the idea of Florimel became in his mind the centre of perplexing thought; the unrest of her being, metamorphosed on the way, passed over into his, and troubled him sorely. Neither was his mind altogether free of the dread of reproach. For self-reproach he could find little, or no ground, seeing that to pity her much for the loss of consideration her marriage with him would involve would be to undervalue the honesty of his love and the worth of his art; and indeed her position was so independently based that she could not lose it even by marrying one who had not the social standing of a brewer or a stockbroker; but his pride was uneasy under the foreseen criticism that his selfishness had taken advantage of her youth and inexperience to work on the mind of an ignorant girl — criticism not likely to be the less indignant that those who passed it would, without a shadow of compunction, have handed her over, body, soul and goods, to one of their own order had he belonged to the very canaille of the race.

The painter was not merely in love with Florimel: he loved her. I will not say that he was in no degree dazzled by her rank, or that he felt no triumph, as a social nomad camping on the no-man's-land of society, at the thought of the justification of the human against the conventional, in his scaling of the giddy heights of superiority, and, on one of its topmost peaks, taking from her nest that rare bird in the earth, a landed and titled marchioness. But such thoughts were only changing hues on the feathers of his love, which itself was a mighty bird with great and yet growing wings.

A day or two passed before Florimel went again to the studio, accompanied, notwithstanding Lenorme's warning and her own doubt, yet again by her maid, a woman, unhappily, of Lady Bellair's finding. At Lossie House, Malcolm had felt a repugnance to her, both moral and physical. When first he heard her name, one of the servants speaking of her as Miss Caley, he took it for Scaley, and if that was not her name, yet scaly was her nature.

This time Florimel rode to Chelsea with Malcolm, having directed Caley to meet her there; and, the one designing to be a little early, and the other to be a little late, two results naturally followed — first, that the lovers had a few minutes alone; and second, that when Caley crept in, noiseless and unannounced as a cat, she had her desire, and saw the painter's arm round Florimel's waist and her head on his bosom. Still more to her contentment, not hearing, they did not see her, and she crept out again quietly as she had entered; it would of course be to her advantage to let them know that she had seen, and that they were in her power, but it might be still more to her advantage to conceal the fact so long as there was a chance of additional discovery in the same direction. Through the success of her trick it came about that Malcolm, chancing to look up from Honor's back to the room where he always breakfasted with his new friend, saw in one of the windows, as in a picture, a face radiant with such an expression as that of the woman-headed snake might have worn when he saw Adam take the apple from the hand of Eve.

Caley was of the common class of servants in this, that she considered service servitude, and took her amends in selfishness; she was unlike them in this, that while false to her employers she made no common cause with her fellows against them — regarded and sought none but



her own ends. Her one thought was to make the most of her position; for that, to gain influence with, and, if it might be, power over, her mistress; and thereto, first of all, to find out whether she had a secret: she had now discovered not merely that she had one, but the secret itself. She was clever, greedy, cunning — equally capable according to the faculty with which she might be matched, of duping or of being duped. She rather liked her mistress, but watched her in the interests of Lady Beltair. She had a fancy for the earl, a natural dislike to Malcolm, which she concealed in distant politeness, and for all the rest of the house indifference. As to her person she had a neat oval face, thin and fallow, in expression subacid; a lithe, rather graceful figure, and hands too long, with fingers almost too tapering — of which hands and fingers she was very careful, contemplating them in secret with a regard amounting almost to reverence: they were her sole witnesses to a descent in which she believed, but of which she had no other shadow of proof.

Caley's face, then, with its unsaintly illumination, gave Malcolm something to think about as he sat there upon Honor, the new horse. Clearly, she had had a triumph; what could it be? The nature of the woman was not altogether unknown to him even from the first, and he could not for months go on meeting her occasionally in passages and on stairs without learning to understand his own instinctive dislike: it was plain the triumph was not in good. It was plain too that it was in something which had that very moment occurred, and could hardly have to do with any one but her mistress. Then her being in that room revealed more. They would never have sent her out of the study, and so put themselves in her power. She had gone into the house but a moment before, a minute or two behind her mistress, and he knew with what a cat-like step she went about: she had surprised them — discovered how matters stood between her mistress and the painter. He saw everything almost as it had taken place. She had seen without being seen, and had retreated with her prize! Florimel was then in the woman's power: what was he to do? He must at least let her gather what warning she could from the tale of what he had seen.

Once arrived at a resolve, Malcolm never lost time. They had turned but one corner on their way home when he rode up to her. "Please, my lady," he began.

But the same instant Florimel was pulling up. "Malcolm," she said, "I have left my pocket-handkerchief: I must go back for it."

As she spoke she turned her horse's head. But Malcolm, dreading lest Caley should yet be lingering, would not allow her to expose herself to a greater danger than she knew. "Before you go, my lady, I must tell you something I happened to see while I waited with the horses," he said.

The earnestness of his tone struck Florimel. She looked at him with eyes a little wider, and waited to hear.

"I happened to look up at the drawing-room windows, my lady, and Caley came to one of them with *such* a look on her face! I can't exactly describe it to you, my lady, but —"

"Why do you tell me?" interrupted his mistress with absolute composure and hard, questioning eyes. But she had drawn herself up in the saddle. Then, before he could reply, a flash of thought seemed to cross her face with a quick single motion of her eyebrows, and it was instantly altered and thoughtful. She seemed to have suddenly perceived some cause for taking a mild interest in his communication. "But it cannot be, Malcolm," she said in quite a changed tone. "You must have taken some one else for her. She never left the studio all the time I was there."

"It was immediately after her arrival, my lady. She went in about two minutes after your ladyship, and could not have had *much* more than time to go up-stairs when I saw her come to the window. I felt bound to tell your ladyship."

"Thank you, Malcolm," returned Florimel kindly. "You did right to tell me, — but — it's of no consequence. Mr. Lenorm's housekeeper and she must have been talking about something."

But her eyebrows were now thoughtfully contracted over her eyes.

"There had been no time for that, I think, my lady," said Malcolm.

Florimel turned again and rode on, saying no more about the handkerchief. Malcolm saw that he had succeeded in warning her, and was glad. But had he foreseen to what it would lead he would hardly have done it.

Florimel was indeed very uneasy. She could not help strongly suspecting that she had betrayed herself to one who, if not an intentional spy, would yet be ready enough to make a spy's use of anything she might have picked up. What was to be done? It was now too late to think of

getting rid of her: that would be but her signal to disclose whatever she had seen, and so not merely enjoy a sweet revenge, but account with clear satisfactoriness for her dismissal. What would not Florimel now have given for some one who could sympathize with her and yet counsel her! She was afraid to venture another meeting with Lenorme, and besides was not a little shy of the advantage the discovery would give him in pressing her to marry him. And now first she began to feel as if her sins were going to find her out.

A day or two passed in alternating physical flaws and fogs, with poor glints of sunshine between. She watched her maid, but her maid knew it, and discovered no change in her manner or behavior. Weary of observation, she was gradually settling into her former security when Caley began to drop hints that alarmed her. Might it not be altogether the safest thing to take her into confidence? It would be such a relief, she thought, to have a woman she could talk to! The result was that she began to lift a corner of the veil that hid her trouble; the woman encouraged her, and at length the silly girl threw her arms round the scaly one's neck, much to that person's satisfaction, and told her that she loved Mr. Lenorme. She knew, of course, she said, that she could not marry him. She was only waiting a fit opportunity to free herself from a connection which, however delightful, she was unable to justify. How the maid interpreted her confession I do not care to inquire very closely, but anyhow it was in a manner that promised much to her after-influence. I hasten over this part of Florimel's history, for that confession to Caley was perhaps the one thing in her life she had most reason to be ashamed of, for she was therein false to the being she thought she loved best in the world. Could Lenorme have known her capable of unbosoming herself to such a woman, it would almost have slain the love he bore her. The notions of that odd-and-end sort of person, who made his livelihood by spreading paint, would have been too hideously shocked by the shadow of an intimacy between his love and such as she.

Caley first comforted the weeping girl, and then began to insinuate encouragement. She must indeed give him up — there was no help for that — but neither was there any necessity for doing so all at once. Mr. Lenorme was a beautiful man, and any woman might be proud to be loved by him. She must take her time

to it. She might trust her. And so on and on, for she was as vulgar-minded as the worst of those whom ladies endure about their persons, handling their hair and having access to more of their lock-fast places than they would willingly imagine.

The first result was that, on the pretext of bidding him farewell, and convincing him that he and she must meet no more, fate and fortune, society and duty, being all alike against their happiness — I mean on that pretext to herself, the only one to be deceived by it — Florimel arranged with her woman one evening to go the next morning to the studio; she knew the painter to be an early riser, and always at his work before eight o'clock. But although she tried to imagine she had persuaded herself to say farewell, certainly she had not yet brought her mind to any ripeness of resolve in the matter. At seven o'clock in the morning, the marchioness habited like a housemaid, they slipped out by the front door, turned the corners of two streets, found a hackney-coach waiting for them, and arrived in due time at the painter's abode.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### A QUARREL.

WHEN the door opened and Florimel glided in the painter sprang to his feet to welcome her, and she flew softly, soundless as a moth, into his arms; for, the study being large and full of things, she was not aware of the presence of Malcolm. From behind a picture on an easel he saw them meet, but shrinking from being an open witness to their secret, and also from being discovered in his father's clothes by the sister who knew him only as a servant, he instantly sought escape. Nor was it hard to find, for near where he stood was a door opening into a small intermediate chamber, communicating with the drawing-room, and by it he fled, intending to pass through to Lenorme's bedroom and change his clothes. With noiseless stride he hurried away, but could not help hearing a few passionate words that escaped his sister's lips before Lenorme could warn her that they were not alone — words which, it seemed to him, could come only from a heart whose very pulse was devotion.

"How *can* I live without you, Raoul?" said the girl as she clung to him.

Lenorme gave an uneasy glance behind him, saw Malcolm disappear, and an-

swered, "I hope you will never try, my darling."

"Oh, but you know this can't last," she returned with playfully affected authority. "It must come to an end. They will interfere."

"Who can? Who will dare?" said the painter with confidence.

"People will. We had better stop it ourselves — before it all comes out and we are shamed," said Florimel, now with perfect seriousness.

"Shamed!" cried Lenorme. "Well, if you can't help being ashamed of me — and perhaps, as you have been brought up, you can't — do you not then love me enough to encounter a little shame for my sake? I should welcome worlds of such for yours."

Florimel was silent. She kept her face hidden on his shoulder, but was already halfway to a quarrel.

"You don't love me, Florimel," he said after a pause, little thinking how nearly true were the words.

"Well, suppose I don't!" she cried, half defiantly, half merrily; drawing herself from him, she stepped back two paces, and looked at him with saucy eyes, in which burned two little flames of displeasure, that seemed to shoot up from the red spots glowing upon her cheeks. Lenorme looked at her. He had often seen her like this before, and knew that the shell was charged and the fuse lighted. But within lay a mixture even more explosive than he suspected; for not merely was there more of shame and fear and perplexity mingled with her love than he understood, but she was conscious of having now been false to him, and that rendered her temper dangerous. Lenorme had already suffered severely from the fluctuations of her moods. They had been almost too much for him. He could endure them, he thought, to all eternity if he had her to himself, safe and sure; but the confidence to which he rose every now and then that she would one day be his just as often failed him, rudely shaken by some new symptom of what almost seemed like cherished inconstancy. If, after all, she should forsake him! It was impossible, but she might. If even that should come, he was too much of a man to imagine anything but a stern encounter of the inevitable, and he knew he would survive it; but he knew also that life could never be the same again, that for a season work would be impossible — the kind of work he had hitherto believed his own rendered forever impossible perhaps, and

his art degraded to the mere earning of a living. At best, he would have to die and be buried and rise again before existence could become endurable under the new squalid conditions of life without her. It was no wonder, then, if her behavior sometimes angered him, for even against a will-o'-the-wisp that has enticed us into a swamp a glow of foolish indignation will spring up. And now a black fire in his eyes answered the blue flash in hers; and the difference suggests the diversity of their loves: hers might vanish in fierce explosion, his would go on burning like a coal-mine. A word of indignant expostulation rose to his lips, but a thought came that repressed it. He took her hand, and led her — the wonder was that she yielded, for she had seen the glow in his eyes, and the fuse of her own anger burned faster; but she did yield, partly from curiosity, and followed where he pleased — her hand lying dead in his. It was but to the other end of the room he led her, to the picture of her father, now all but finished. Why he did so he would have found it hard to say. Perhaps the genius that lies under the consciousness forefelt a catastrophe, and urged him to give his gift ere giving should be impossible.

Malcolm stepped into the drawing-room, where the table was laid as usual for breakfast; there stood Caley, helping herself to a spoonful of honey from Hymettus. At his entrance she started violently, and her sallow face grew earthy. For some seconds she stood motionless, unable to take her eyes off the apparition, as it seemed to her, of the late marquis, in wrath at her encouragement of his daughter in disgraceful courses. Malcolm, supposing she was ashamed of herself, took no further notice of her, and walked deliberately toward the other door. Ere he reached it she knew him. Burning with the combined fires of fright and shame, conscious also that by the one little contemptible act of greed in which he had surprised her she had justified the aversion which her woman-instinct had from the first recognized in him, she darted to the door, stood with her back against it and faced him flaming. "So!" she cried: "this is how my lady's kindness is abused! The insolence! Her groom goes and sits for his portrait in her father's court-dress!"

As she ceased all the latent vulgarity of her nature broke loose, and with a protracted *pff* she seized her thin nose between her thumb and forefinger, to indicate that an evil odor of fish interpenetrated

her atmosphere, and must at the moment be defiling the garments of the dead marquis. "My lady shall know this," she concluded, with a vicious clenching of her teeth and two or three small nods of her neat head.

Malcolm stood regarding her with a coolness that yet inflamed her wrath. He could not help smiling at the reaction of shame in indignation. Had her anger been but a passing flame, that smile would have turned it into enduring hate. She hissed in his face.

"Go and have the first word," he said; "only leave the door and let me pass."

"Let you pass, indeed! What would you pass for?—the bastard of old Lord James and a married woman! I don't care *that* for you." And she snapped her fingers in his face.

Malcolm turned from her and went to the window, taking a newspaper from the breakfast-table as he passed, and there sat down to read until the way should be clear. Carried beyond herself by his utter indifference, Caley darted from the room and went straight into the study.

Lenorme led Florimel in front of the picture. She gave a great start, and turned and stared pallid at the painter. The effect upon her was such as he had not foreseen, and the words she uttered were not such as he could have hoped to hear. "What would *he* think of me if he knew?" she cried, clasping her hands in agony.

That moment Caley burst into the room, her eyes laming like a cat's. "My lady," she shrieked, "there's MacPhail the groom, my lady, dressed up in your honored father's bee-utiful clo'es as he always wore when he went to dine with the prince! And please, my lady, he's that rude I could 'ardly keep my 'ands off him."

Florimel flashed a dagger of question in Lenorme's eyes. The painter drew himself up. "It was at my request, Lady Lossie," he said.

"Indeed!" returned Florimel, in high scorn, and glanced again at the picture. "I see," she went on. "How could I be such an idiot! It was my groom's, not my father's likeness you meant to surprise me with!" Her eyes flashed as if she would annihilate him.

"I have worked hard in the hope of giving you pleasure, Lady Lossie," said the painter with wounded dignity.

"And you have failed," she adjoined cruelly.

The painter took the miniature after

which he had been working from a table near, handed it to her with a proud obeisance, and the same moment dashed a brushful of dark paint across the face of the picture.

"Thank you, sir," said Florimel, and for a moment felt as if she hated him.

She turned away and walked from the study. The door of the drawing-room was open, and Caley stood by the side of it. Florimel, too angry to consider what she was about, walked in; there sat Malcolm in the window, in her father's clothes and his very attitude, reading the newspaper. He did not hear her enter. He had been waiting till he could reach the bedroom unseen by her, for he knew from the sound of the voices that the study-door was open. Her anger rose yet higher at the sight. "Leave the room," she said.

He started to his feet, and now perceived that his sister was in the dress of a servant. He took one step forward and stood—a little mazed—gorgeous in dress and arms of price, before his mistress in the cotton gown of a house-maid.

"Take those clothes off instantly," said Florimel slowly, replacing wrath with haughtiness as well as she might.

Malcolm turned to the door without a word. He saw that things had gone wrong where most he would have wished them so right.

"I'll see to them being well aired, my lady," said Caley, with sibilant indignation.

Malcolm went to the study. The painter sat before the picture of the marquis, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm, approaching him gently.

"Oh, go away," said Lenorme without raising his head; "I can't bear the sight of you yet."

Malcolm obeyed, a little smile playing about the corners of his mouth. Caley saw it as he passed, and hated him yet worse. He was in his own clothes, booted and belted, in two minutes. Three sufficed to replace his father's garments in the portmanteau, and in three more he and Kelpie went plunging past his mistress and her maid as they drove home in their lumbering vehicle.

"The insolence of the fellow!" said Caley, loud enough for her mistress to hear notwithstanding the noise of the rattling windows. "A pretty pass we are come to!"

But already Florimel's mood had begun to change. She felt that she had done her best to alienate men on whom she could depend, and that she had chosen for a confidante one whom she had no ground for trusting.

She got safe and unseen to her room; and Caley believed she had only to improve the advantage she had now gained.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE TWO DAIMONS.

THINGS had taken a turn that was not to Malcolm's satisfaction, and his thoughts were as busy all the way home as Kelpie would allow. He had ardently desired that his sister should be thoroughly in love with Lenorme, for that seemed to open a clear path out of his worst difficulties; now they had quarrelled, and besides were both angry with him. The main fear was that Liftore would now make some progress with her. Things looked dangerous. Even his warning against Caley had led to a result the very opposite of his intent and desire. And now it recurred to him that he had once come upon Liftore talking to Caley, and giving her something that shone like a sovereign.

Earlier on the same morning of her visit to the studio, Florimel had awaked and found herself in the presence of the spiritual *Vehmgericht*. Every member of the tribunal seemed against her. All her thoughts were busy accusing, none of them excusing one another. So hard were they upon her that she fancied she had nearly come to the conclusion that, if only she could do it pleasantly, without pain or fear, the best thing would be to swallow something and fall asleep; for, like most people, she was practically an atheist, and therefore always thought of death as the refuge from the ills of life. But although she was often very uncomfortable, Florimel knew nothing of such genuine downright misery as drives some people to what can be no more to their purpose than if a man should strip himself naked because he is cold. When she returned from her unhappy visit, and had sent her attendant to get her some tea, she threw herself upon her bed, and found herself yet again in the dark chambers of the spiritual police. But already even their company was preferable to that of Caley, whose officiousness began to enrage her. She was yet tossing in the Nessus-tunic of her own disharmony when Malcolm came for orders. To get

rid of herself and Caley both she desired him to bring the horses round at once.

It was more than Malcolm had expected. He ran; he might yet have a chance of trying to turn her in the right direction. He knew that Liftore was neither in the house nor at the stable. With the help of the earl's groom he was round in ten minutes. Florimel was all but ready; like some other ladies she could dress quickly when she had good reason. She sprang from Malcolm's hand to the saddle, and led as straight northward as she could go, never looking behind her till she drew rein on the top of Hampstead Heath. When he rode up to her, "Malcolm," she said, looking at him half ashamed, "I don't think my father *would* have minded you wearing his clothes."

"Thank you, my lady," said Malcolm. "At least he would have forgiven anything meant for your pleasure."

"I was too hasty," she said. "But the fact was, Mr. Lenorme had irritated me, and I foolishly mixed you up with him."

"When I went into the studio after you left it this morning, my lady," Malcolm ventured, "he had his head between his hands, and would not even look at me."

Florimel turned her face aside, and Malcolm thought she was sorry, but she was only hiding a smile; she had not yet got beyond the kitten stage of love, and was pleased to find she gave pain.

"If your ladyship never had another true friend, Mr. Lenorme is one," added Malcolm.

"What opportunity can you have had for knowing?" said Florimel.

"I have been sitting to him every morning for a good many days," answered Malcolm. "*He* is something like a man!"

Florimel's face flushed with pleasure. She liked to hear him praised, for he loved her.

"You should have seen, my lady, the pains he took with that portrait! He would stare at the little picture you lent him of my lord for minutes, as if he were looking through it at something behind it; then he would get up and go and gaze at your ladyship on the pedestal, as if you were the goddess herself, able to tell him everything about your father; and then he would hurry back to his easel and give a touch or two to the face, looking at it all the time as if he loved it. It must have been a cruel pain that drove him to smear it as he did."

Florimel began to feel a little motion of shame somewhere in the mystery of her



being. But to show that to her servant would be to betray herself — the more that he seemed the painter's friend.

"I will ask Lord Liftore to go and see the portrait, and if he thinks it like I will buy it," she said. "Mr. Lenorme is certainly very clever with his brush."

Malcolm saw that she said this not to insult Lenorme, but to blind her groom, and made no answer.

"I will ride there with you to-morrow morning," she added in conclusion, and moved on.

Malcolm touched his hat and dropped behind. But the next moment he was by her side again: "I beg your pardon, my lady, but would you allow me to say one word more?"

She bowed her head.

"That woman Caley, I am certain, is not to be trusted. She does not love you, my lady."

"How do you know that?" asked Florimel, speaking steadily, but writhing inwardly with the knowledge that the warning was too late.

"I have tried her spirit," answered Malcolm, "and know that it is of the devil. She loves herself too much to be true."

After a little pause Florimel said, "I know you mean well, Malcolm, but it is nothing to me whether she loves me or not. We don't look for that nowadays from servants."

"It is because I love you, my lady," said Malcolm, "that I know Caley does not. If she should get hold of anything your ladyship would not wish talked about —"

"That she cannot," said Florimel, but with an inward shudder. "She may tell the whole world all she can discover."

She would have cantered on as the words left her lips, but something in Malcolm's look held her. She turned pale, she trembled: her father was looking at her as only once had she seen him — in doubt whether his child lied. The illusion was terrible. She shook in her saddle. The next moment she was galloping along the grassy border of the heath in wild flight from her worst enemy, whom yet she could never by the wildest of flights escape; for when, coming a little to herself as she approached a sand-pit, she pulled up, there was her enemy — neither before nor behind, neither above nor beneath nor within her: it was the self which had just told a lie to the servant of

whom she had so lately boasted that he never told one in his life. Then she grew angry. What had she done to be thus tormented? *She*, a marchioness, thus pestered by her own menials — pulled opposing directions by a groom and a maid! She would turn them both away, and have nobody about her either to trust or suspect.

She might have called them her good and her evil genius; for she knew — that is, she had it somewhere about her, but did not look it out — that it was her own cowardice and concealment, her own falseness to the traditional, never-failing courage of her house, her ignobility and unfitness to represent the Colonsays — her double-dealing, in short — that had made the marchioness in her own right the slave of her woman, the rebuked of her groom.

She turned and rode back, looking the other way as she passed Malcolm.

When they reached the top of the heath, riding along to meet them came Liftore — this time to Florimel's consolation and comfort; she did not like riding unprotected with a good angel at her heels. So glad was she that she did not even take the trouble to wonder how he had discovered the road she went. She never suspected that Caley had sent his lordship's groom to follow her until the direction of her ride should be evident, but took his appearance without question as a lover-like attention, and rode home with him, talking the whole way, and cherishing a feeling of triumph over both Malcolm and Lenorme. Had she not a protector of her own kind? Could she not, when they troubled her, pass from their sphere into one beyond their ken? For the moment the poor weak lord who rode beside her seemed to her foolish heart a tower of refuge. She was particularly gracious and encouraging to her tower as they rode, and fancied again and again that perhaps the best way out of her troubles would be to encourage and at last accept him, so getting rid of honeyed delights and rankling stings together, of good and evil angels and low-bred lover at one sweep. Quiet would console for dulness, innocence for weariness. She would fain have a good conscience toward society — that image whose feet are of gold and its head a bag of chaff and sawdust.

Malcolm followed, sick at heart that she should prove herself so shallow. Riding Honor, he had plenty of leisure to brood.



From Fraser's Magazine.  
JON JONSONN'S SAGA:

THE GENUINE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN  
ICELANDER.

EDITED BY GEORGE RALPH FITZ-ROY COLE, C.E.

ICELAND, though much visited of late, is but little known. Those who have penetrated into the land of sagas bring back a strong interest in the strange country, its grand natural phenomena, and the quaint simple people who dwell there. Some who have explored the north of Iceland may remember a remarkable character, by name Jön Jónsonn, whose abode lay near Lake Myvatn, and whose delight was to welcome travellers. Proud of his acquirements, for he had educated himself, in spite of all difficulties, far above his surroundings, he was ever eager to add to his knowledge, and his chief pleasure was to practise the "English tongue," which he had taught himself. Travellers (among whom Sir G. W. Dacent, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Henderson are named) found that they could not better requite his hospitality than by presenting him with an English book. He amused his leisure hours by compiling the following account of his life in English.

In 1875 a party of travellers, led by Captain Burton, of African celebrity, encamped near Lake Myvatn, and in the intervals of their exploration of the natural features of that district, wherein the marvellous achievements of volcanic effort are so strangely recorded, sought out Jön Jónsonn's abode. He was some years dead;\* but his fame survived, and he was spoken of in the countryside as a marvel of enterprise and attainments. His autobiography, written as it was in English, was a sealed book to his surviving family, their "having" in that tongue extending but to few words. His widow presented the manuscript to the writer on the 17th of July, 1875, as practical answer to his inquiries respecting her husband.

Perhaps this simple, genuine "Saga," telling of the inner life of modern Iceland, may interest readers who have read old Icelandic sagas, and may give them fresh reason to believe those stories of a people who played no mean part in the early history of Europe, and were not unconnected with the New World to which many of them are now migrating. The style of this homely narrative is strangely like that of the old story of "Burnt Njal,"

the Orkney Saga, and others which have been translated of late years from Icelandic. In the present case it is the style of a simple Icelfander who had learned to express his thoughts in English. It is the Saga of Jön Jónsonn, written by him in foreign language from his own Icelandic thoughts; the story of that calm, quiet life which men lead nowadays out in Iceland, where life was so stormy of old. We keep the original spelling throughout, as part of the character of this autobiography. The writer improves in the use of the language as he goes on.

### JON JONSONN.—VOGUM.

#### MY PAST LIFE.

My biograph, and my farming or house-keep, my journi, and sojourn i Copenhagen, besides the manners, and the change of manners from my childhood to the present time in Iceland, and the reckoning of my fishing of trout, eggs, sheep.

I am borne the year 1829, September 8, in the cottage Itrinesland, by Myvatn. My father died the same year, in the spring, 18 weeks before my birth-day, at Reikjalid, by Myvatn, wher he served a wealthy landholder who vere his uncle. he vas 34 years old, when he died, and had lived 3½ year in marriage with my mother. He left one daughter when he died, 2½ year older than I. Consequently our mother vas at this time a grieving widow. My parents had appointed to begin housekeeping at Itrineslandum in the Spring, this very same year, and my mother vere therefore obliged to remove thither; for the old Farmer Porstein (it was his name) died early in the Winter this year, and his son, the preast in the parishes about Myvatn, removed to Reikjahlid from Vogum, the nearest cottage farm. My mother then began housekeeping or farming, and got a faithfull manservant to look after her sheep and horses, and to work by hay harvest in summer. But my father, as he had served the old man Porstein i Reikjahlid from his childhood, and vas ferryman on a river in great distant (26 English miles) to east from Reikjahlid, and during winters looked at more than 100 rams, often in snowy and bad weather. Thorstein, his aunt, gaf or bequeathed to him on deathbed the half of all land and houses in Vogum, which is spacious, and somewhere fertile and grassy land. And besides, ther are some holms and isles that belong to Vogum wher many birds and ducks lay and hatch eggs, and besides that there is plenty of grass

\* The exact date of his demise was not ascertained, but it is believed to have occurred in the winter of 1868.

and Angelica bushes. As the country house Vogum stand hard by the water, there is also fishing of trout, some years of considerably quantum, especially of gilt-head, which in autumn go close under land and lay spawn, and is then easily entangled in net. But as to the land, it lies beside the eastern side of the north-east part of Myvatn, which is called in Iceland tongue Itrifitos, and extend itself to and above the nearest hills, and is excellent pasturage, where 300 rams and lambs pasture in the Summer. But nearest to the water is grassy meadows, and sometimes good hay harvest (the time for making hay last generally 8 or 9 weeks on Iceland), but a great part of this land is barren black sand and rough lava from Volcano. From this countryhouse is a spacious and beautiful Shew to the surrounding mountains, and over the lake, and its holms and islets. The lake is crowded of several kinds of birds in Spring and Summer, and most of them is birds of passing, but certain kinds of them remain the whole winter because the water around Vogum never freezes in the severest winter, for it is warm and it is for the veins of subterraneous water that fall in the lake, and come from the brimstone mines. These mines lie about 3 to 4 english miles from Vogum. It is but this small part of the lake Myvatn that is not covered of thick ice during the winters, and therefore the remaining birds use to go thither to get shelter and food in the austere season of the year, and squeak cheerfully many a day swimming on the warm water. Besides this now described land, the old farmer Thorstein gave my parents some sheep (about 20), one cow, one horse, and some furniture for house-keeping, and 100 dollars to boot, but he was not destined to reap the fruit of his labour in this World.

I the other of his offspring (for I had one sister  $2\frac{1}{2}$  year older than I) were unborne, as above mentioned. I say I were then the inherit of a part of their possessions, and therefore the division was delayed, till I came to the world, and as I was a male child I got double as much as my sister, and double lesser than my mother, for she got the half of the whole propriety, but to me was distributed by the Jurist. the half of the land, and my mother the half of the land belonging to Vogum, but the other half land around this house fall by portion to the priest in this parish, the son of Thorstein in Reikjahlid. When I was borne my nurse took me home at her house Reikjahlid, where I was nursed for 3 weeks according to the custom in Iceland in those

days, for then the food for infants consisted in the best cow milk, but no women gave suck. After these 3 weeks I were borne to my mother's house, and there I was nursed for the 3 successive years together with my sister (Sigridi, the name of her). But in this last year, my mother secondly married a peasant from the vicinity, and thereafter they changed abode, and dwelt next 2 years in Hofstodum, a country-house near Laxa, or the Salmon river, which falls from Myvatn to the ocean. When these 2 years had elapsed, they turned servants, and removed to Grimstada, to a rich farmer. This Cottage stands north of Myvatn, about one english mile to west from Reikjahlid, close by a considerable plain of lava, which were casted up the years 1724 and 1728, from Krabla and Langaleirhujuk two Volcans. My mother and stepfather served two years at this farmer's house, but after these years my family dispersed. I went to Itrinesland but the others to Geirastada, few miles from Grimstad. My occupation was to look after about 30 ewe in the summer months, while the people was occupied in make hay. I shifted dwelling after one year, and went to my mother's friend in Injoskadal, about 20 english miles from Myvatn. When I had been there one year, I turned to my lovely lake Myvatn again because my stepfather (Andres, that is his name) began housekeeping in Itrinesland, and my family joined onse again. We were 5, for now I had a half-brother, who was 3 year younger than I. We two boys were charged as shepherd's boys, to take care of a few ewe which belonged to my stepfather, and another peasant (for they were then two in Itrinesland), and by this time I began to learn grass-cutting, for now I was grown bigger, and could do many works by housekeeping, and besides I had learnt reading of my mother, as is common on Iceland, for here are not schools for children's education. Many times we brethren met with 2 neighboring boys, that also were occupied at sheepkeeping, and we used to amuse ourselves by several sport and playing, viz., go in the water even to the mouth, go in search after eggs, sling stones at flying birds, whilst the sheep was in rest, and the weather pleasant. I had always a great longing to come and live in Vogum, but my uncle Pall Johns dwelt there, and could not remove, though he now became very old. When we had dwelt 3 years in Itrinesland, my uncle removed from Vogum, and went to the priest, on *hóls i Injoskadal* who was his father, and the

half of land and house in Vogum become vacant, for future abide to my stepfather and his family, which now consisted of 6 persons, for he had a manservant. I dreamd and I fancied by day and night, of my blessed Paradis Vogum, and I ever remember the cheerful day, next Saturday to Whitsuntide 1840, when Andr s had transferred all the furniture on a boat, and driven the few sheep to Vogum, and it was appointed early in the morning that we should part with this dwelling-place and remov to Vogum. I and Sigrida my sister, should lead the single cow they possessed about the northly water on horseback, for the rest of the famely went by water in the boat. I and my sister had a pleasant trip, and stayed awhile, both on Grimstad and Reikjahlid, and arrived to Vogum in the afternoon. Here vas another peasant, Petur vas his name, and in both famelies were 12 persons. Now I and my brother vere obliged to tak care of the sheep and cows, because they would not stay a moment in this new place. But as to me, it vas the contrary. I was very glad and delighted at this land and water, which vas studded of trout, and covered of birds, and became in my childish imagination the very Paradis, and besides I vas aware that a considerable part of the land belonged to my. I remember my joifullness, when I and my brother Benidict drove the sheep along the water shore to the Pasturage, which vas surrounded of the water on three sides, and we had but to look after them on the one. We met every day two neighbouring boys, which vere charged to take care of a herd of sheep; we played and conversed continually day after day. When the weather vas fine, I lived very contentful and pleasant in this maner for awhile, but the following Summers as I grew bigger, I vas employed at hay-cutting and harvest for som weeks at that season, and some days I kept in savety the ewes. But as I vas a bookish lad, I used to read a great variety of Icelandish books, especially the biographs or Saga of the former days' inhabitants in Iceland, and their great exploits; and besides I learned by mysel from books, the Arithmetic. And by all opportunities I went in the water in order to learn swimming, and at length I succeeded and could swim in deep water, but at this period here vas nobody who understood to swim at Myvatn. This vas my dayly amusement at leisures. When 2 years had elapsed, the other peasant Petur removed, but his successor in Vogum became a young priest (Sir Thortakur), a son of old Sir

John in Reikjahlid, this Thortakur should be his father's adjutor at Divine Service, or curate. As for me, I vas very much contented at this change, for I beleaved that I could get opportunities to receive instruction of him in the Intellectuals I had applied to, and especially to be perfect in the arithmetic, and learn to read and understand the Denish language, which I then began to read by myself. But in the summer months here vas always hurry of bussiness at several works, viz., fishing trout, search and gather eggs, cultivate the meadows, carry on horses several necessities from town, dress and make *skir* [curds] of the abundant milk, and above all, cutt and make hay, and therefore I, as well as the others, had scarcely time to rest or sleep. But as the winter approached I set to work, and began to learn writing and arithmetic, and read Denish, and I sussided to learn all this in the winter 1843-44. But in 1845 I turned servant, and went to Reikjahlid and served the old priest Sir John in his farmhouse, I worked for a fee of 20 dollars a year, but had always much to do of severall work, especiall in the hay harvest.

But about this time I had got a great longing to go abroad to Denmark, and learn one or other profession; this I told to the old priest, and imediatly got permission of him, and his son Petur (whom I served some months of the year), and besides the reverend priest assisted me in my intention. In autumn of 1847, I prepared myself to the voyage, with mony and clothes, and had then in possession 220 dollars, and did not however sell my land in Vogum, but my garments, and other things that I possessed, and thus I prepared myself to the voyage, and took leave with all my frennds and relations, not without a mixet and perturbed mind, both of sorrow and joyfull hope, for I had then great longing for to see and sojourn in foreign country, and beside to learn ther the joinery. My mother followed me on horseback to the town Husavik, there I took leave with her and likewise my only sister. I went on board a little yat, called "Neptunus," that was loaded of mutton. She departed from the harbour Oktober 14, 1847. It was my first day on sea, I had therefore many things to observ. I began also to write a memorandum or daybook, and have continued it from this time, both in Denmark and Iceland, I can therefore easely and exaktly recollect all the adventures during my sojourn in Copenhagen. But my mother wrot and sent to me in Copen-

hagen, a briefly written annual journal, from her farm Vogum, for the most concerning the weather and œconomy, and some reports from the war in Denmark, that she heard from the mercants and sailors. But most of this reports was wrong and absurd, viz. a bombardment of Copenhagen! the king's dead! But I wrote her letters, and told all the adventures that I heard from the war and I knew to be truthfull, for she was always afflicted for me, during the time of War.

I was attacked a litle of sea-sickness the two first days. We had a favourable gale to the 23rd, then we was overtaken of a violent storm, that began in the night; the sea roared, the wind whistled throgh the sail and robes, and the small yat was shaken violently of the great billows. I lay praying in my bed in great fright, and expected every moment that the ship would go under, or be driven on a shallow, and my terror did not diminish when, in a sudden, I heard a great nois on the deck, and the loud vois of the crew. I thought the ship had struck against a shallow, and we were lost. But in the very moment I heard one descend the stairs, and that was my freand and countryman Ole Berring (the cooper). He spook to me, and asked, "Ist thou afread, John?" I confessed, especialli for the nois on deck; he said "it was a sailyard that fell from the mast, and nobody is hurt of it. I think, likewise, the storm will soon decrease, but we are driven about 20 english [miles?] back, and we are all dead fatiged in this terrible storm." He then asended, but I was remedied of the fear afterwards. The day came on, I dressed myself, and went upon deck, and saw over the wast and roaring ocean, in wondering horror, when at once a great billow embraced me, and I became almost wet throughout; but could not feel it pleasant to get another embracement, and therefore went to the cabin again, but not without mocking of the sailors. I remained below stairs the whole day. But the wether changed, and we got a favourable wind, and the next morning I saw for the first time a foreign country, viz. Norway. When we approached I could distinctly see the houses at the seashore, as well as the high trees in the forest. We passed Udandesness, but the next day, 25 October, we got sight of Denmark. The wether was clear and calm, and I was much delighted to look around to the numerous ships that sailed to and fro on the ocean, it was all news for my senses, and I had many things to observe, especially when I first got a

steamer in view, for I had never seen such a ship before. We reached to Oresund the 27th, but could not advance any longer, for contrary wind and tide. But it happened that a old man came to us in a boat, with 2 of his sons, and let them (according to the wish of the captain) draw the ship nearer to the coast, wher the current run in direction to Kronborg. we were then at last aside Helsingaar, wher the strait is most narrow, but we were obligated to remain here the night. It was calm weather, and one could distinctly hear the rattles from the wagons on the roads, as well as the nois from the ships that lai around us. early in the next morning, October 28, went under sail, although the wind and stream were against us, as the other ships that sailed in the same direction. We could not advance much for this day and likewise the next, but on the 30th the wind began to be favourable, and half an hour past eight we got view of the steeples i Copenhagen, and soon afterwards the vessel was drawn in the harbour. Then I was very glad, for I began to be tedious of the voiage.

Here in Copenhagen I had appointed to sojourn for some years, in order to learn the joinery. I knew nobody in this city, but the crew on the vessel, but I had a letter from the old priest, Sir John, to his freand the merkant Andrew Hemmert, consarning me. When I got opportunity I went to his office and brought him this letter, and after reading it, he spoke very kindly to me, and said he would willingly procure an apprenticeship for me, in an honourable house, for he was a freand to my father, who had frequently ferried him over the river Jokulra, when he was travelling in Iceland on comercial affairs, and besides, he gave me my passage to Copenhagen, that was comonly 20 dollars. I remained a couple of days in the ship, as he required this time to find a master for me, and when this was done he sent his son to me, in order to guide myself to the hous, and I followed him to No. 187, in the street that is called in Denish tongue, Over gaden over vandet, or the street beyond the water. we entered the hous that was destined my dwelling place for 3 sussesive years. My trunk and other things vere brought thither to me, and the same day I began to plaine. The master kept one other Denish apprentice and a journeyman—the master was then unmarried, but he lived at his stepfather's Jorgenson, who was a schoolmaster, and was every day occupied in instructing boys and girls in writing, arithmetic and music. His

whole family was very kind and amiable to me, but the youngster, my fellow-apprentice, could never agree with me, for I was not yet able to speck correct the Danish tongue, and therefore he mocked my incessantly, and it came to blows and quarrel between us every day. He thought I and my country-people were very sheepish set of people, but as I could not bear or accept this blame, without bad words again, the peace was caste out, and it came to blows in the master's absence. I began to long for a better fellow, but on Sunday I was free, and became acquainted with some of my own countrymen, that were many in the city, and amused myself with them. There I found plenty of pleasure in wandering about the city, and look at the great buildings, and several works of men which all was new for my eyes, but yet I wanted a good friend. however, I used to go where some of my countrymen lived together, every Sunday, and became acquainted with them.

At this time it was agreed in my behalf, between Mr. Hemmert and Lassen, my master, that I should live for 3 successive years at his house, which was the appointed time for my apprenticeship, and this agreement were then written on stamped paper, it was likewise in the contract, that I should pay 80 dollars to Mr. Lassen for his instruction, and besides he promised to learn me drawing. I was fond of the trade and worked assiduously. We got up at 6 o'clock every morning, but stopped at 8 o'clock in evening. Therefore I had always hours free before I went to bed, and as I was greatly fond of books, I borrowed them, as many as I could read, all of course in Danish language, and read perpetually. A Jew, the owner of the house, had a little library, and lent me several amusing works, some of them were translated from English, viz: "Jacob Faithfull," "Peter Simple," "Japhet in search of a Father." I liked these works so well that I at once determined to begin learning the English tongue, and therefore I bought a Pocket Dictionary, a Grammar and Dialogues, and began by myself to learn of these books at all my leisure hours, but found it very difficult at first, especially in the pronouncing, and as I have to the present day read and by opportunities spoken this language I at last understand it on books, but am though not able to write it without blunders, and have not yet use of the common phrases. I have never had a master to teach myself, but have sometimes met with traveling Englishmen, and attended their pro-

nouncing in some words. They have likewise in a kindly manner taught me in difficult expressions in this tongue. Although I have always been very lusty for to get English books, I have yet a limited number of them, though I knew some of the authors, and has but seen the title pages of their works. At Christmas I went in the Royal Church, and got opportunity to see King Christian the 8, he was a stout and corpulent man. I had several pleasures in this holy day, in company with my countrymen, but I could not agree with some of them, because I had gone in "entire temperance," to taste not a single glass of wine, but some of them liked to go into the taverns and therefore they thought I was of a melancholy temper, when I would not at all follow their manner in this. However, I had plenty of pleasures in the first year, but afterwards I went out of my temperance and [was?] conquered of the temptations that surrounded me in this misleading place. But I was obliged to work every day, and even on Sunday to 12 o'clock, but then I walked in the City, in order to search after pleasures. About this time a great occurrence came to pass in the history of Denmark, by the death of His Majesty King Christian the 8, which happened the 20 Januar, 1848, after fifteen days' sickness. I was granted, as the whole people in Copenhagen, to see him in his bed of state, as well as his coffin. I was among a great multitude of the inhabitants that went in of one door and out of another, in Amalienborg, and glanced only at the royal body in a deep silence. At the time when he was conveyed from the City to Roskilde, in Februar, then almost all the whole inhabitants were gathered in crowds in Kongens Nytor, the spacious place, and waited there till the hearse passed, and the royal family besides a numerous host of warriors who went before and behind the hearse, all the streets were illuminated where they passed through. The Artisans sang a song, or their good-by to their blessed friend, for when living he was fond of the art, and assisted the Artisans. At his death, his son Fridrik the 7, came to the throne in Denmark, but his reign did not begin peaceably, for in March 1848, the war broke out in the dukedoms Schleswig and Holstein. The army was made ready to meet the enemies, the fleet also were set out, and there were much business in the City in several preparations for the commencement of these hostilities, every man were specking of these treacherous people, and every one had good



expectations that they would speedily be subdued. But it would not be so easy matters when the prussians and the United troops from Germany came to assist and protect the dukedoms. I had often opportunity to look at the departur of the army, as well as the military exercises which were but to increas my pleasures, for I thought there were no danger and the City were unconquerable when they had fortified around it, especially towards the sea-side, for accidental arrival of hostile fleet. At last the reputation went through the City that a fleet from England were approaching, and had even reached the strait Oresund. I believed this, and therefore in my leisure hours asended the highest towers, borrowed a telescope and looked around, but there were nothing to be seen in the shape of a hostile fleet. Many of the citizens went as volunteers to the war, and I caught the idea to go to the campaign voluntarily, as 3 of my countrymen, but I was hindered in my scope of my master. The rapports came daily in the city, and by and by the Germanish prisoners were transferred to Copenhagen, as well as a great number of merkant vessels from Germany that were obliged for a while to lay in the harbour, but at the truce the prisoners and ships obtained liberty as well as the Denish prisoners in the Dukedom.

It is needless for me to describe the progress of this war, which is known everiwhere, but to turn again to my own narration though very monotonous, during my stay in Copenhagen. My chief aim was then to observ, and learn as much as I had time and acceptableness for, and my inclination to books was ever my pre-ailing lust. Therefore I read at all my leisure hours, even in the night, various books. At last I entered into the Sunday Schools, and found great pleasure by it, and besides that it do not cost a farthing, and the time was my own on the Sabbat. I sat there among some 50 youngsters and resealed instruction from 3 school-masters, in writing, accounts, denish gramar and ortography, and devoted myself to the study during the 3 hours the instruction lasted. By and by I entered the drawing school, and began to draw during 2 hours, thus I sat in schools 5 hours every Sunday, and had the 3 advantages by it, viz.: amusing, learning, and saving of mony. I had the custom to spend not more than 16 skilling (4 pems) on Sunday the first year, for I was compelled to save my little mony and to use it for other necessities, and therefore very

seldom went to the play. But I had great longing for to learn playing on violin, and got permission of an old man to come to him every Sunday evening in order to learn the play, during 2 hours, which cost me about 4 pems. Besides I played by myself every eve i the workshop, and began soon to learn some of the most common melodies in the city, and as I have to present day collected and learnt many melodies. I am the sole person in the shire Thingosissel in Iceland, that can have the name of a musical, for the people on the northward Iceland have not the least understanding of music, except in the town Ofjord, and one cannot gain a farthing by playing. But they like best to hear the common salms be played which they are wont to sing in the churches and at Domical servise. The only advantage I have of this musical learning consist in the amusement to myself, becaus I am greatly fond of this branch of sciense or art, and could not resist to lay out some of my scanty mony in this view. Indeed, I devoted all my time of my sojourn i Copenhagen to learning of different kind, notwithstanding I determined to return to my loved lake Myvatn again, and at last be a farmer in Vogum.

I read and played on my violin by every opportunity, and yet I recollect when the old Mrs. Jorgenson saw me sometimes reading, that she sayed, "Thou canst never be a preast, John; learn but the joinery touroughly, it is enough for thee." I had a very bad and unbearable companion in Julivas, the other apprentice, and had always great aversion to him, but to my great satisfaction the master discharged him late in the winter 1848, for nobody could like him, he was an insolent idler. In the following Spring his successor became a countryman of mine, and in the Sumer the master took one other, so we were 3 Icelanders that worked in his shop so long as I lived in Copenhagen, and I found their company more pleasant than that I had formerly, although we were of a different disposition, and each of us went in the leisur hours to his pleasures. I used sometimes to walk to Frederiksborg, about one english mile from this city, there one had very fine prospect above the metropol, or I went into Tivolee, which cost but 4 pems. There were always many remarkableness to observ, but I payed most attention to the music, and I wondered to see the athletic art that was performed of some Englishmen in the Sunday evenings. I used to visit the coffee rooms, and had there opportunity to



read the newspapers and be acquainted with the affairs in the war, besides many other adventures that occurred in Europe, namely, the revolution in Paris. In this manner I passed my time very agreeably, and was always at home at 10 o'clock, and as I had very good books in my little library I diverted myself by reading before I went to bed. I had sometimes permission to visit the great exhibitions of art and physical things, that were free and open for everybody once or twice in a week, namely, Thorwaldsen's Museum, one of the most beautiful and decorated buildings in the city, and where the most wonderful works of art had been collected, after the great master, Thorwaldsen. I could calculate he was a countryman of mine because he descended from Iceland, as his father, Thorwaldsen, was an Iclander, and had went down to Copenhagen and learned the sculpture. He married with a Danish lady, and lived all his days in Copenhagen.

Sometimes I visited the great exhibition of several pictures in the royal palace, Kristianborgflot, and found great pleasure in the view of this admirable works of art that were collected in the second floor of this palace, and as I had the catalogue I was able to know the name of the painters from different countries. Likewise I do not omit to visit the spacious rooms with the zoologist collections, for there were numerous kinds to be seen, especially of birds, and many of them from my native country, Iceland, and I found myself almost at home in their company, although they were but skins of birds. As they were artificially stuffed it appeared as living birds sitting on their nest, similar to the hatching places in Myvatn, but here were wanting the charming nature, and beautiful verdure, as well as the cheerful chattering of the birds in the summer months at Myvatn. At this time I was thinking of my former home in Iceland, and compared it by that now was my home, viz., Copenhagen. I could not think it more agreeable, but it was true I had opportunity to learn and see many pleasant things, and had no cause to complain over my master. But I was obliged to work the day long in his workshop, and never be absent one single night, contrary to my former life, for on Iceland is unlimited liberty even for the servants, and plenty recreation for the youth. This was time of war, but on Iceland the war is never known nowadays, although they were a warlike tribe in former days, when the republic existed in Iceland. During the winter nights prayer or domestical service is a custom above

the whole island, which is scarcely a custom in other countries.

In the letters I received from home my mother and relations wished that I would return to Iceland as soon as I had finished my learning, and therefore I settled by myself to leave the city early in the spring 1851. I made a chest of drawers as a proof of my ability in the trade, after the custom in Denmark, this chest was brought up on the town house, and compared to the drawing which I had drawn before, and as it passed through and was accepted I got my liberty this same day. How joyful day for us all, the youngsters that became journeymen joiners, we were 15 in number, and went from one pleasure to another.

It was the 3 January 1851 that I got my liberty, after I had been under the control as apprentice for 3 year and 2 months, but now I longed for to change abode, and was engaged with another master, and lodged in a little chamber that cost 2 shilling and 3 pence a week. thus I worked and lived to the beginning of March. I had very little money by this time, and my fee was about 9 shilling a week. I made my address to the Government for money for tools, and got in this way 30 dalir (about 3/8 shillings), and bought for it several tools that I wanted.

I got a passage with a vessel from Mr. Wulf and Hemert, that was almost ready to begin the voyage to Husavik, therefore I prepared myself to the voyage, and collected all the things and tools that belonged to me in three trunks, and carried it on board in the "Young Goose," the name of the ship. I took leave with all my friends in Copenhagen, and at last the city itself, which had been my home for 3½ year, and we went out of the harbour the 31st March. We advanced to Cronberg the first day, but one occurrence perturbed all on board, viz., the ship was out of equilibrium, and leaned much to one side. The sailors said it was a fatal or bad omen for the voyage, and believed we could never come to Iceland, indeed it was very unpleasant to be in this ship for this cause. But the captain was a daring man, and used to set all sail even in strong wind, and therefore the ship went on, and when we reached Adandines there sprang up a favourable breeze. So we were within 3 days under the Farø Isles, but could not advance any more because calm weather, but thereafter we got an easterly breeze, and we got my loved native country in view. How I rejoiced! but we were still far from the expected harbour, Husavik,

and when we passed Langaness, the most north-easterly part of Iceland, we encountered with a terrible storm and snowdrift, and the ship was cast out of the cours, and leaned so much that the keel was above the sea between the great billows. I that was unwont the naval, could scarcely keep myself standing or sitting in the ship. How it was dreadfull I cannot describe, and this bad wether lasted continualli 24 hours, and we had a good breeze even to the harbour (17 April) wher the ship was moored. Then I did not tarry to go on shore and thank God for His protection on me throug the time of 42 months that I had lived abroad, and especially on this hazardous voiage.

Next day I started on foot from Husavik, in order to come unexpected to my home, Vogum. But the way is about 24 English miles, wherfore I rested in a farm the next night. The following day I hurried on, and came late in the evening to my home, whilst the people was about to go to bed. I knocked at the door, and it was opened of my mother, but one can easily imagine her wondering to see me stand there and salute her, when she thought I must be in Copenhagen, and nobody had heard or expected the arrival of a ship so early. (It was namly the Saturday eve for Easter, 20 April.) She even must imagine it were but an apparation of me, that I stood there before her. I therefore sped to tell and expluin for her the arrival of the vessel, and the lucky voiage from Copenhagen. So she rejoised instead of to be perturbed by my sudden and unexpected arrival, and heartily said me well-come, and I entered into my well-known country hous, Vogum, after I had been absent for 42 months on a foreign country and betwixt foreign people, and thanked God for His protection from damage, eather by land or sea. I had become acquainted with many unseen and unheard of things in Iceland, and could, however, not but long for to live in my own native country, how ever miserable it is in comparison to other Southwardly countries. I greeted all my former freands and relations that abode in the hous, and told them some of my adventures, especially on the last voiage, till I fell asleep in a agreeable bed, and had a good rest after the disagreeable voiage, to the next Easter morning. After I had read the comonly prayers I walked with my mother to the nearest farm, Reikjalid, to salute my freands that remained there, but my old freand and relation, Sir John, was removed to another parish in the east of Iceland, and lived

there on a farm called Kirkjuba, about 80 miles from Reikjalid.

The curiosity is unlimited in my countrymen, and they asked me so much that I became sometimes irresolute to answer these questions. They ask generally of the victuals I had had, of my master and his family, of the king, of the several affairs in the war, of the city, of the height of the houses, of the country itself, its climat, of the heigt of the trees in the forest, of the animals in Denmark. I answered all these questions after my litle knowledge as well I could, but I had all my things in the ship yet, and among them a great collection of engravings and wood cuts, besides some few Denish books of several contents, which I promised to present for them and explain for them the pictures. Some few days thereafter, I rode with another man to Husavik, and had 2 baggage horses and carried on them all my tools and other things, to Vogum, and on this trip, I got opportunity to visit my sister on a farm. She served by this time an old preast in Grenjadastad. I met with great hospitality in the hous of this old clergyman, and stayed there 2 days together with my mother, but my companion went on with the 2 baggage horses to Vogum.

I was much contented when I had all my things in savety in Vogum in 3 trunks, that consisted of fine clothes, books, tools, guns, musical instruments, and several other things, that was worth about 20*l*. sterling. I had litle to do for some few weeks, and went on shooting birds everi day, which I found a great pleasure. I was invited to a wedding, in Skututodsum, which is the name of the farm, about 4 english miles from Vogum. That day was very delightful for me, as well as other men that visited this wedding. The old farmer that became married this day to his second wive, became afterwards my Father in law, and in this same day, his elder daughter became united to a young peasant. His younger daughter Gudrún was of cours at her father's wedding, and was destined after 3 years to become my Wife, but it was far from my thoughts at this time, for I did not at all think of marriage. There was plenty of wine and bread, as it generalli is on Iceland at these occassions, and the visitors were very glad in the afternoon, and I was obliged to answer many questions concerning Denmark, Copenhagen, and the customs of the people.

A few days after, I reseaved a letter from Sir John, the old preast on Kirkjuba,

he desired of me to come thither in order to work at a church, that he would erect all of wood. Wherefore I prepared myself to go thither as soon as I could, and bought 1 ride horse, and 1 baggage horse, and I went on the journey in company with Sigurgeir, a son of old Sir John, which got a farm near his father, in the district that is named Funga (that means tongue, because it lies between the two rivers Lagarfljot, and Jokulsa). The journey went on very slowly, as he had many baggage horses with heavy loading, and 4 children, but after a travelling of 5 days, we arrived at Kirkjuba, and my good relation the old preast said me heartely welcome, as well as all his family. He desired of me to be at his hous this year in order to work at the church, and I agreed with it. We were then 7 workmen at the building, even to the beginning of the hay harvest, but for the time it lasted, we were scattered, and occupied on the meadows the day long. When the 8 weeks were elapsed, we began our work again, and the church became almost accomplished some few days before Christmass. The old preast preached for the first time in this new church on Christmass, and there was a great assembly of people at the sermon.

After this time till Spring I made several furnitures, viz., trunks, chairs, tables, for the preast, but in May I went on horseback to his son Sir Hallgrun, on the farm Hohmum, and painted the Church there with another man. There I was about a month, till the old preast resigned, and removed from Kirkjuba, to his son in Hohmum with his family.

I received about this time a letter from Sir Johnson, the merchant on Husavik, whereby he entreated me to come thither by the first opportunity in order to paint a Church, wherefore I prepared myself to the journey. When my freand Sir John had paid to me my annual wages, namely 80 dal, or about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  sterling, I took leave with him for ever, and his good wife Buridi, and started on the long travelling from Hohmum to Husavik. I travelled alone for the first 4 days very slowly, for I had a baggage horse heavy loaded. After these 4 days I reached to the farm Modrudal, when I was invited to rest me and my horses one night. The next morning I went on my travelling in company with a youngster which amused me with his frolickness and chattering, and spread the clouds of sadness which hung over me when I was travelling alone in the spacious wilderness that lies eastwardly from Modrudal, about a space of 30 English miles,

where not a living thing is to be seen, but it is a barren and scragged part of land. We soon reached to the farm Grimstadir, when I parted with my pleasant companion, and staid there during the night. From thence I had a day's jorney to my dear home Vogum, and arrived at 6 o'clock the next day to Vogum. But indeed I had no home at the time. My brother Benedik had married, and I had leased out my part of this farm to him. I rested myself in Vogum a couple of days, and so I went horseback to Husavik, and began the painting which I completed in 6 weeks, and earned by it about 4 pound.

Thereafter I was engaged to work at the Church Modruvolum in the autum. There is the residence of the bailiff of the North and East part of Iceland, but his clerk Sveinn was married with my sister Sigridi, and I had my fare or free board in their room during my stay on this great farm, which lasted towards Advent. Then I retired again to Vogum, and worked in the vicinity of Myvatn at the farmers. When the spring approached I was demanded of my sister's husband Sveinn, to come again to Muodruvalla and paint the Church. This I very willingly undertook to do and rode thither immediately. We were two at the painting to [till] the hay harvest, then we left the church and worked by haymaking, likewise I accompanied a student to Grufaros, a merchant town far from Modruvalla. I found this travelling very pleasant, for on my return I rode over the glacier, that is called in Icelandish tongue Unudalsjökull. There were many chinks upon this glacier, and the passage lays between them. As they were very high, there was a spacious overlook from their summit above the surrounding country, and the clos by laying vallies which are very grassy in the Sumer months, in them are also numerous farms. I descended and came down in the end of one of these vales, and rode through it some few English miles. It was interesting indeed to ride in the western sunbeams that gilded the glacier and sides of the adjacent hills. I rested this night at a farm in the valley, and rode to Modruvalla the following day. There I remained till the Church was compactly painted. Then I retreated to Myvatn again and served at the farmers, around the lake.

Now I begun to be tedious of my vague manner of live, and courted a maiden Gudrun Arnadottir from the farm Sveinstrand by Myvatn and she became my betrothed, but as I had leased out my land

in Vogum to my brother, I could not marry. She lived therefore the next year at her father's hous Seveinstrand, but I worked in different farms, to earn for my livlyhood, and some money, before I began my farming. In the mean time my brother got another farm far from Myvatn named As, wherewith the half of the land in Vogum became vacant for me, but the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the land belonged to my stepfather and my mother, wherefore I bought his part of him.

Gudrun my betrothed, removed to my farm early in the month of May, 1854, with all what she had inherited after her deceased mother. Which consisted in  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the land in Hofstodun, worthy of [worth] about 40 pounds, 1 cow, 1 hors, about 30 sheep, and som furniture, but no mony, and when that I had in possession became assembled to hers, it was rather considerable riches, or good livlyhood in Iceland at this time. When one is beginning farming in Iceland, it is the case most often that they have not victuals in their first years, and is in want of their most nessessary things in next Spring, especialli if they keep too large family. My family consisted of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  men, for I had a manservant and a maidenservant, my mother, and an old woman half the year, and a child from my sister Sigridi.

#### THE FARMING.

The last 3 years I had travelled, and served other men and farmers, and not had a steadfast home. I had in these 3 years not orderly written a day book of my adventures, but now as I had a home, and could work for myself, I began a new maner of lif, and wrote in day book all that was worth to notify in the past periode of my farming, and detail it in the following lines, as it can give a idea of a farmer's live in Iceland in good and sever years. In the tables that follow, is the account of my fishing of trout, gathering of duck eggs, my cow, horses, and ewes or milking sheep (in the summer) and goats—the victuals bought in the merchant town, potatoes from my garden, and turnips, my debt in the month of April, the number of my family every year.

The 28 of June, 1854, I became united by marriage with Gudrun, my wife. It took place on Skutustodum, and there was a considerable body of people invited to our wedding. They were all feeded with fine bread, coffee and brandy, as is usual by these occasions in my nativ country. As above mentioned, I had partaked in her father's wedding 3 years ago, and

seen her first by that opportunity. She was now in her 19th year, but I in my 25. I was then contented, and have ever been so since with this election of the Providens to my future cours of live. She had hitherto sincerely loved me, as well as I had loved her. She is of a temper mixed of a little choleric and melancoly, and her wrath pass soon over. She is benificent to everyone after our litle ability, and merit of me to be called the best wive in every respect toward me and other. We at first worked for ourselves in the spring, and had great business in several work, viz., gathering eggs and fishing trout, and look after my few sheeps, and transfer victuals from the town, which lies about 24 English statute miles from Vogum. We had plenty of eggs this sumer, and sold some of them for a very moderat price, viz., 120 for 1 shilling 10 pems, but the remanent was consumed in my own hous. I gave likewise and sold much of trout to the farmers that come annually to Vogum, in order to buy trout. We had also plenty of cowmilk, besides milk of sheep and goats. In July, we all began the hay harvest, but this Sumer the grass grew very scantily. I got, though, hay for my 2 cows, 50 bagga for each — 1 baggi in Iceland is about 9 stone weight of dry hay. I owned 8 nets this sumer for the fishing of trout, and got many of trout to my hous-keeping, and besides plenty of duck eggs, as above mentioned, but I had no garden of potatos or cabbages this sumer. I found that the livlyhood of my famely depended on my industry in æconomical works, and the same did my servants. The other peasant Asmundur was a pious and kind man, about 60 years old by this time. It has alway been a good consent between us, which is seldom the case in Iceland, where two farmers live together on the same farm, but the internal accidents in the history of Iceland is unknown or consealed, for here is non that can be called romancists, or biographist now-a-days.

The winter approached as usual in the month of October, and the frosty weather and drift of snow came on. My manservant was charged to take care of my little herd of sheep which were then in number (the lambs included) 60, but I myself, that had no liking for herdsmanhip, went to the lake every day fishing, and had much pleasure in this work, especially when the weather was fine, and when I fished well. In this winter I had generalli 6 nets under the ice, each consisted of 10 fathoms in length. Besides these nets I

had 8 or 12 short nets about 2 or 3 fathoms in length, which I laid with a long pole in the ice-free water around my farm, but it is very unpleasant and painful task in bad or frosty weather to take care of nets at Myvatn, as the snowdrift is so thick that one cannot see a yard about him many days in the sever winters that we had had these preceding winter seasons. Yet I omitted not a single day to go to fishing in the time of spawning, which lasts from late in the month of September to January, but the next two months one cannot get trout here in Vogum, and it was a time of rest for me in the 2 following months from water works. In April we begin again to lay our nets in the lake, when the ice commonly begins to melt off the water.

A peculiar manner of fishing here in Vogum is that we call *ad Setja indur*, and lasts the general spawning time, viz., from the beginning of November till New Year. This manner of fishing is as follows: we go two men in the boat, and have three nets with us, then we row silently to certain shallows which lie close by the beach of the lake, a short distant from the farm, and lay the nets in the shape of a half-circle around the spawning place, and put the oars very softly to the water, that the fish may be undisturbed while the snare is laid about them (it requires of cours, entirely calm weather). But even as we are laying the nets, the trout gillhead become aware of the little movements of the calm surface, and when they in haste will seek to the deeper water, they become entangled in the nets, and endeavouring to disentangle themselves be the more inwrapped. As the trout is struggling below the calm surface, the water becomes here and there bubbling. As we have laid all the nets, we go on the beach of the water, and throwing stones in all directions, in order to start the still-lying trout into the nets. After that we go again in the boat and draw the nets in, which is a great amusement when there is many of trout in them, and as they are taken in the boat they spring and struggle for awhile around our feet in the total darkness. We get sometimes some bigger trout, even ten or twelve pounds, and from ten to twenty in number in this same manner. We resume this methode of fishing on 6 to 10 shallows in a night, which takes a time of 2 or 3 hours. In former days this manner of fishing were very lucrous [lucrative] as the farmers fished from twenty to eighty some evenings, but it have lamentably diminished in this latter and more severe winters. This trout is a

nutritive and good food when salted and smoke dried, and resembles pickled salmon; the smaller fish is but dried in the wind, and have agreeable taste. I went to this fishing with my wife when the weather allowed. My most amusement during the winter was generalli in fishing of trout in the day time, but in the evenings to make the nets, and besides to read aloud for my and my family several stories, both in Denish and Icelandish tongue. I never could get stories in English, although I had great longing for it, for my small propriety did not allow me to buy books in this language, and I had not yet made any acquaintance to English travellers, in order to ask them after the cheaper and amusing books in theyr tongue.

In the spring (1855) I lost some of my sheep for wanting of provender, which is a most lamentable accident that befalls the Icelandish farmer, to see his most useful animals starving for wanting of food, around his farm, as it is searching on the snow covered pasture land. Yes it is a heartrending sight to looke on it, when the poor animals go so very slowly to their cotes and caves, almost unable to support themselves for hunger. But nobody can help it when all the hay is consumed and there is nothing to be done but kill the animals. This occurs almost annualli in the severe Winters and Springs which now successively visit Iceland, wherefore the wealth and possession of sheep gradualli diminish among the inhabitants of our starving country. It is now a coustom that some farmers compair the number of sheep and *bagga* or cvantum of hay in the autumn in every farm-house, in order that they do not risk to keep more sheep or cows than they have enough food for.

Early in the spring of 1855, I began to work at a hedge round a little potato garden, about thirty fathoms north from my farm. It has never been tried before to cultivate this useful plant at my home Vogum. This time I sowed but a  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel. In this same spring I likewise digged a long but narrow ditch in the *tún*, which means a plot of cultivated grass-field around every farm-hous in Iceland, and is in many farms separated from the meadows and baiting-places by a hedge or inclosure. But the hay of these túns is solely appointed for winter food to the milk cows, as it is the best hay which the peasants can get in their barns. I had a desire to amend the tilling of my part of the tún in Vogum in the best manner, but the tilling of this part of ground is indeed very simple, and just made in the same manner as



the notable lawier Njal did about 9 centuries ago, viz.: to transport the cowdung on to the tûn, crumble it, and spread it over the green turf, and thus is the cultivating completed.

In the latter part of Juni I was intreated to go to Lundarbrekka, a farm near the river Skalfandafjot, in order to paint a Church within, with a fellow worker. This was one of the four men who went to Brasil in the summer of 1863, viz.: Jonas Hallgrimson. We finished his work within ten days. We were then invited to a wedding that took place the 3 of July, the wine "brandy" went in torrents, as well as coffi, and plenty of bread as usual in these weddings, but no music or other merriments. The next day I rode to my home. About these days there were plenty fishing of trout in Strönd, the nearest farm southward from Vogum; they got there from 4 to 8 barrels a day. I was there one day by this fishing, which was pleasant to drag in a net numberless of this excellent gold-coloured trout on the level sand-beach. They were then sold so very cheap, that a barrel could be got for 4 shillings and 6 pence.

The 14 of July I began my hay harvest, which lasted to the 12th of September, and this time passed without accident. My crop of potatoes became about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  bushel, and I kept some of it for seed. This autumn I worked for my fellow farmer Asmund at the wainscot and bedsteads in his drawing-room, that he had lately builded, and which took a time of some weeks for me. As usual the time of fishing of gilthead by Nidurseta began, and I fished pretty well in the spawning time. This year we had a good crop of juniper-berries, and I wandered some days a great distant from my home in eastward direction to gather these berries, but they grew not till the 6 or 7 year. A very amusing sort of fishing sometimes happens, viz.: when the water have frozen in entirely calm weather, then becomes the ice transparent and clear as crystal, so that every atom can be seen at the bottom of the lake which is not deeper than one or two yards. When the ice is strong enough to bear the weight of a man's body, I used to run to and fro on this clear ice and search out the trout. When I got view of one, I pursued it in full speed in order to wear it out, below my feet, which lasts some few minutes. During this short time one is compelled to run of all might in a zigzag to follow the many turnings of the trout. At last it is so weary, that it goes very slowly on and stopps at once,

and puts the head in the muddy bottom, without moving a fin. I made a hole in the ice and hooked the motionless trout. It happened some few days that I went on this sort of fishing but caught few, or could sometimes not run as fast as the trout, and lost it of sight.

The 27 Decemb my wife bore our first child, a daughter, she was baptised the 1st of January 1856, and named Sigridur. I maked a wooden cradle for the infant, thereafter I wainscoted a little apartment, which were then my abode or drawing-room. This work I finished in the first days of Februar. The 8 of March I went on a journey to Modruvalla, to visit my sister Sigridi and her husband, who was a clerk to the Bailiff of North East Island. I stayed there a couple of days, whereafter I returned home after a pleasant jorney. This winter we had such very good and serene weather that the farmers drove their numerous sheep to the summer runs in the midst of March, and late in April we began our simple cultivation of the tûn. I began the building of barn for the hay to my two cows, and this work I could scarcely finish for the beginning of the hay harvest time, as I worked alone and needed to carry much stones on baggage horses. In the spring I bought a little part of land in Vogum, or  $\frac{3}{8}$  of the whole farm of my mother for 40 Danish daler, about 47. 10s. sterling, for she removed from me to a farmer that abode a little distant from Husavik, and my stepfather Andres removed to his son, but I took another manservant, his name was Einar, as well as a maidenservant, so my family was 6 persons for this year.

A German traveller came to Myvatn in June this summer, and staid in Reikjahlid some weeks. He collected eggs and young birds, likewise a great variety of butterflies and midges. I guided him on his excursions, as I understood him a little, and did a trip with him round the whole lake on horseback, and helped him in the collection of eggs and certain birds. He got two living falcons and a young fox, which he transported with him as a rarity. The 20th of September my father-in-law Arni at Sveinstrand, died after sickness of one week. I and my wife were at his funeral, the 27. She mourned him greatly as he had always merited, for he loved her very tenderly, and I consoled her as I could. He had always helped, and given us victuals and provender when we wanted it; he was a wealthy farmer, and had frequently given to the poor in his days of live, but his fortune increased every year,

and he possessed a numerous flock of sheep at his decease, which became inherited of his 5 living children and the widow Gudbjorg, his second wife. This autumn my crop of potatoes became 18 bushels. at this time no peasant round Myvatn had so much of them, or even had a yard to cultivate this usefull plant, save Petur in Reikjahlid, so they entreated me to sell them of my great crop, which they called so, and some of them had a mind to try to cultivate them on their farm.

This year passed away without any remarkable accident to me or my family, which is worth to notify. As usual I held the Christmass and New Year with our rural festivity and joyfullness, and regaled my family with coffi and fine bread, besides smok-dried mutton, which is only given on feast days at Myvatn, and is very nutritive food. I gladdened myself by a little of brandy, and played on these holy evenings on the fiddle perpetually, for some young girls from the nearest farms, that had no pleasures at their homes, but were fond of music. They entreated me to sing and play for them. However, I did not omit to hold prayers in my house, and visit our little church at Reikjahlid in the daytime, and thank the Lord for his mercy over the inhabitants of North Iceland, which were saved from the great loss of sheep by the pest which raged over the South part of our island at this time. Many of the farms lost almost all their animals.

In February I made a chest of drawers, which I sold for about a pound sterling, and thereafter I went to a farm Belg, and wainscoted there a room for the peasant. This work I completed in three weeks, and returned to Vogum the 15 March, and earned another pound in this time. On the 22nd of the same month, I was summoned to stay some days in Sveinstrand, at the parting of the possessions of the deceased, to his 5 children and the wife. The children should get equal parts each, but the widow in heritage the half. The inherited portion which came by dividing to my wife, was in value about 200 daler (or 22*l.*), however we got no farthing in ready money, but a part of land in a farm Hofstodum, and 20 sheep, 1 horse, and somewhat of furnitures. My flock of sheep increased considerably by this portion, but the part of land I sold soon afterwards for 100 dale, as I was in debts, and quitted them. The first of May my wife was delivered of our second daughter. She received in baptism the name Arninn. We entertained the whole body of people in Vogum, as well as some few guests

that came here on this occasion, with fine bread and coffi. At this time I built a cabbage garden close by my farmhouse, for I thought it could grow here in the warm soil better than elsewhere around the lake. When this work was finished, I sowed potatoes, oats, and cabbage in my 2 gardens. I shifted servants and got a lad and lass for this year to serv me a little, my mother returned to me likewise this spring, so my family consisted of 8 man this year. When the lambs was as usual separated from the yews, I drew my 27 milking sheeps to the farm Grimstada for there is very good pastur land, and spacious runs for sheep in the summer months.

My 2 young servants folowed the flock to take care of it, and dress the milk. I rowed thither once a week to transport milk, *Skir*, and butter. As I was rowing thither early in the morning 30 of June, I observed a great tent which stood close by the tûn. As I arrived, I recaved the news that 2 Englishmen, accompanied of 2 Icelanders, were come there. I availed myself of this opportunity, and walked to their tent, in order to try my pronunciation in their tongue. Those gentlemen answered me very kindly, although I troubled them by my too early visit in their sleep. They had come in a steamer to Grimsey (a little island north-west from Husavik) and were going to the harbour at Akureyri. It was the first steamer that arrived to the north part of Iceland. The other, or the commander of the ship (as I afterwards heard) desired me to stay for him till noon, or whilst they rode to the brimstone mines, for he had a mind to try fishing in the lake. When he returned I did so, and as he came again, I and my young servant went on the lake with him in my small boat, and crossed the northern part of the lake, but it was in vain, he could not get a single trout, which is an impossibility to hook in the summer season, when the trout have plenty of flies or midges on the surface of the waters. I rowed, therefore, to my nets and caught 6 trout, which I sold him. I had a pleasure to look at his handsome fishing rod, line, and hooks, which he told me was of 2*l.* value, but our simple hook and fishing rod, cost not more than 2 or 3*l.* in English money, and yet we get many trout in a day when the Ice covers the lake. As we parted, they paid me one daler, and gav me some wine, and in the evening they all started from Grimstadi.

This autumn I had pretty good crops, both of potatoes and cabbages, and could

save my ric and groats. Last in September, I was visited of a gentleman from Sweden. He was searching for certain birds, Hurond [Heron?] and could not find them; he therefore desired of me to shoot a couple of them. I sussed, and he paid me 2 daler for them. The weather was rather mild in the beginning of this winter, so the lake did not froz over till in midst of November. I had much to do during this winter, and was obliged to take care of my flock of sheep, and likewise look daily after my nets, but my youngster assisted me a little in my works.

So this year passed away, so monotonously as the others, in our farms on Iceland. We have very few pleasures or divertiments. I selected for my reading the few new books that I could borrow or buy. Sometimes to go on Skaters over the plain ice by daytime is very pleasant, when the weather is fine. Occasionally I was tempted to drink brandy, for it is in vogue in Iceland as in other countries, and especially when one is travelling. For we grew tired of wanting of pleasures in our situation, and then we is apt to fall to these extravagances. But there is few that can keep or save brandy to the winter, for else it would be drunk double so much. I did not drink more than a pint at once, and not more than once in a month, and could not, therefore, have the name of a drunkard.

The weather changed in the month of Januar 1858, and grew very cold and snowy. At this time I was compelled to sell my gun for wanting of money to buy necessities and food for my family. The 20th of February I visited a meeting of the farmers at Myvatn on Skutustad; and we all agree to give  $\frac{1}{2}$  of our flock of sheep to the shire [of] Hunavatns isla, as they had butchered the most part of their sheep in order to stop the dangerous pest which had reached thither from the Southland. On March 23d there was another meeting of all manservants at Myvatn. They came all, together in an islet called Mikley, who lies in the southward part of the lake. I visited this meeting, and [so did] some few other farmers. We founded there a society for reading for all around the lake, and for the collection of books, each fellow of this society should annually pay one daler (or 2s. 3d.). Likewise the servants founded a money-box, or promised to lend out their money to the peasant for any small interest. Some of us agreed to go a year in total abstinence, and we kept our words for the succeeding year. Early in the spring I began a new

building or dwellinghouse, and builded it in a new fashion. I finished the walls last in [at the end of] June. The house is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards in length, and 4 yards breadth within the walls. They are built of stone and of green turf. I had shifted servants, and got a well fit man to serv me for next year, his name was Sigurjon. We transported wood from Husavik (which I bought at the merkant) on my 3 baggag horses, and wainscoted the upper part of the hous, as I intended to have it for my dayly abode, and as the hous-front faced the lake, I had a spacious and fine view from the windows over the lake and its environs. But I could not complete the house this summer, as we were occupaid at other œconomish works, and the walls required to be dried ere it could be comfortable for man to live within them.

The prices of rye and groats in the town were very high this summer, and much pressing for the poor peasants, but I had by this time a great evantum [quantum] of wool and tallow, and could therefore buy my victuals and other necessities.

July 19th, 1858. I began the haymaking, but as we had very rainy weather almost during all the time of hay harvest, so the hay could not be dried sufficiently, and could not at all be good food for sheep in the next winter. The haymaking was finished the 17 September. The winter season began rather early, so we had snowy and stormy weather last in September, and it lasted during 2 weeks, that the snow became so thick that one was not able to go to the nearest farms but on snowshoes — *Skidum*. Hundreds of living sheep were buried under this horrible snow, and no living animals could find their food, so one was compelled to go and seek them far distant from the farms, and draw them home, which was a very unpleasant task for our manservants. The weather at last cleared up the 11 October, and we got thawing southwinds for some days. Now was the time of butchery, and as the winter began so early, the farms which had a bad omen for the approaching winter slaughtered much more sheep than usual in order to leave enough of provender to the rest. I butchered 20 of my flock, and an horse, but owned over 90, 7 goats inclusive. Although every farmer could clearly see that they had too little hay for their sheep herd if the winter grew so sever that they were compelled to wintring of their flock, they, or we (as I was inclusive), put to hazard, and butchered by far too little of our sheep. I saw, although too late, that

I could have saved my elder sheep if I had in the autumn slaughtered all my lambs, 28 in number. The frosty, stormy, and snowy weather, came on again in the first days of November, and lasted almost continually till Easter, on the 24th April, 1859, and to increase our mischief and calamities in this tremendous winter, the ice (Greenland ice) surrounded the whole north, east, and west part of our Island, and covered the ocean as far as one could see from the hill tops adjacent to the seashore. Of cours we were obliged to feed our beasts as long as we had food in possession, but it was rather too early consumed, for early in the month of March many of the farmers had no hay left but for their cows. Some of them, therefore, drew their hungry sheep to the benevolent farmers that had enough food yet, and could help the poorer for awhile for not losing their usefull animals. Some peasants began already to slaughter their starving flock, and that was far better than [to] let the innocent beast be tormented, to fall at last for starvation when searching for the scanty food upon the winter runs. It happened also daily that there was avanting 2 or 3 in the evening, which of cours were fallen as victims to starvation and meagerness, not able to go to the sheep-cot. The first of March, when I had almost emptied my haybarn, I sent my servant with 20 sheep to the peasants around Myvatn that had hay yet, but the 22 [22nd] in same month I slaughtered to ewes, they could not support themselves for meagerness. I wandered every day to the bushes, and carried on my back great bundles of the small branches, trying to support my remanent flock, but it could not help them, I lost them every day, and when this ever memorable winter was ended, I had lost 65 sheep and goats, and owned yet 25.

This great loss was a shock in my houskeeping, and amounted to a value of 33½ sterling. I could therefore not see how I should get livlyhood for my family in the future. I discharged my male and female servants, so my famely consisted of 6 persons, for the next year. I was not the only peasant who lost more than ½ of the flock, for every one lost more or less of their herd of sheep. I resolved to try and live upon the fishing of trout, as well as potatoes, and encreased the number of fishingnets. My 2 cows lived likewise, so I expected to have somewhat of milk in this approaching summer. My spous salted and dried the flesh of the slaughtered sheep, so we in the following sum-

mer had plenty of victuals to entertain our family. Now I had completed my new abode, and we all shifted our dwelling-room, and left the old ruinous abode. I had wainscoted all this new room within the upper walls, and found it very comfortable to live there, especially in the summer, but in frosty storms in the winter, it proofs rather too cold. I had intended to wainscote the under-room, but had no ability to do it for my great loss I had suffered in the winter. The hay-making began as usual in the midst of July, and we all in the famely, save the children, were occupaid by this work the livelong day. Although I owned very few sheep to feed the next winter, I saw that the possession of hay could prevent the loss of sheep in future if my flock increased. I owned but ten ewes or milking sheep, but their lambs died, all save two, in the spring, for wanting of milk from their mother, so I "drew" them to the summer runs, and had no sheep-milk to dress *skir* of for this year. Having ended the hay-harvest, I took up my potatoes, and got a crop of 4 barrels, and one of cabbage, a pretty good crop. The 3 Oktober I began to take up stones "to" a wall which I intended to build around my lawn adjacent to my house, or the tún as we name it. This was a work of importance for the tilling of this fertile bit of ground, as it could hinder the horses from browsing on it. I began to build this stone wall the 11 Oktober, for the weather was very fine to the 17, when the snowy weather came on. I was then compelled to change my work and take care of my few sheep. As I had plenty of food for them, they were well fattened the whole winter.

My little daughter Arnina grew weak early in Novemb., so I fetched medisín to [from] the homœopathic preast in Grenjaldirstad and she recovered soon after. This year ended without any accident worth to relate.

At New Year 1860 I was visited of some girls, the daughters of "Petur," the farmer in Reikjahlid, to hear me playing on the fiolin, and showing them my numerous pictures and engravings, which they found very amusing. About this time the rumour spread out that some peasants had a mind to do an emigration to Amerika, either to Canada or Brasil. They founded a fund in this design, and every man that went into this society should pay 4 rixdaler = 8 shillings and 8 pence, in order to assist them who undertook to go first thither.

My wife was delivered the 10 Februar. of a male child. I was very glad to get a

son. We let him be called Jøn Friman. As she arose from her bed the 16 in same month, we entertained the people in the farm, about 20 in number, with fine bread and coffee. At this time I was occupied by drawing stones on a sledge to the enclosure around my tũn; it was a very fatiguing work.

Early in the month of May we could distinctly hear the incessant claps and thunder like noise from a Volcan, on the Southland, but could not know whether it came from Hekla or Katla, till the rumour spread out that Katla was active, throwing immense rocks and pieces of glaciis to a far distant round her, and was inwrapt in a large and dens column of smoke, but as the wind was northly about these days the smoke and ashes was directed to the sea, so the land became saved from this unwholesome and dangerous ashes and smoke, and the Volcan ceased totally last in same month. The people had been much frightened during the eruption.

As the ice lay on the lake till in the midst of June, I went on fishing almost every day, and fished well by hook, viz. from 20 to 50 a day. The ice was studded of fishing men, who sat on a shrine the livelong day, now and then drawing the trout from about four fathoms deep water, and so baiting with a certain maggot, which was white and the best bait for the trout. In this Spring Mr. Henderson erected a new building near the farm called Laxamere close by the running out of the salmon river. He had resolved to buy and boil all the salmon of the farmer Johanes on Laxamere. I met with this Englishman on my journey to Husavik, the 29 June, and stayed some few hours at their chamber on Laxamere. I tried to speak with them, and before I took leave they gave me some pieces of *Reynolds' Miscellany*.

The 2 Juli I was invited to a nuptial collation at Reikjahlid, for the eldest daughter of Petur was to be married with Jakob, a son of a neighbouring farmer. I was the singular [single] musician at this festival, and played several melodies for the people even to midnight, when we took leave with the benevolent couple, but were not able to walk to our home, as we had drunk rather too much evantum of punsh and brandy.

The 12 of Juli I heard that 3 Englishmen from Manchester, and a Germanish had arrived to Reikjahlid, in the purpose to collect eggs and birds. I was curious enough to be acquainted with all the strangers that come to Myvatn, as I was the

sole person who understood and spoke a little of English, and offered them my service as guide, and had by it opportunity to exercise myself in the pronounsation of their tongue. They staid at Reikjahlid to the 18 inst. I followed them when they went on shooting, and directed them to the places where were plenty of several kinds of birds to be shot, and besides procured different eggshells which I sold them for some pence. It was singular and even odd that we felt a little earthquake the same day they arrived, and eclipse of the sun when they went from Myvatn.

The 20 Juli I began the hay harvest, and wrought assiduously while the harvest lasted. My crop of potatos becam 5 barrels in the autumn. As usual, I put my nets under the ice last in October, and looked after them every day, and besides took care of my sheep every other week, when my stepfather was at the other farm where he served.

This year passed away, and we salutid the new year 1861 with our common rural festivals. In Januar I contracted a friendship with an ingenious man of art named Arngrimur. Though not learned, he began to draw pictures of some men in the neighbourhood, and he sussed to get his drawings very like the persons. He had got a great propensity to learn music, and by opportunities visited me, to get instructions in playing on fiolin, and he did soon progress in the art of music, and as he wrote a fair hand, he collected, and procured me many new and amusing melodies. He likewise understood the playing on flute, notwithstanding he was very poor, and was compelled to work for his wife's and his own livelihood (for he was married and had a child), at the hay crop. For no man of art can be prosperous in Iceland, as the most of the peasantry hate this inutile and trifling business, as they call drawing and music, but they like better the poetical art. The 30 Januar: I was obliged to draw my tallow on a sledge to the town Husavik, to pay my debt there. On my journey I came to Grinjastada, and was a' night at the good priest Sir Magnus Jonson's. He had several English books in his library, as he and his 3 sons understood somewhat this English language. He lent me a couple of them, for reading at my home. I found them very amusing, especially "The Adventures of Ledbury," by Smith; the other was "Twelve Years at Sea," by a Midshipman. The 10 April, my mother came to me from Mödrual, where she had stayed this



winter at her daughter's, Sigridi. My sister sent me with her some garments to my children, as well as somewhat of coffee and sugar. This spring we heard the news that the Nord Atlantic Telegraaff should be laid through Iceland, in this summer, but it will be delayed.

The 2d and 3d of May I sowed my potatoes, as we had by this time very fine and serene weather, so we had even fine grass in the midst of May. At this time I was obliged to discharge my stepfather Andres, and I was alone to work for my family the next year. By all opportunities, I was occupaid by the building of the stone wall around my tûn as above mentioned. The calamity occurred in the middle of the hatching time, that our islets and holms were visited of immense swarms of ravens, which robbed and carried away almost every egg that the ducks laid in the nests, so we lost thus a third part of the collection of eggs we formerly got in the former summer seasons, but this accursed robber we was not able to frighten away. Their spoil ceased a little as the grass and angelica was full grown, for the nestes became then covered, so the raven could not find them as easily as when open.

The 2nd June, a merchant ship at last arrived at the harbour in Husavik, but the people had for some time suffered the wanting of corn and groats and other necessaries. I sent therefore a horse to town, and got it loaded of corn and groats after some few days. I travelled myself to Husavik, last in the same month, and met with Mr. Henderson, a merchant from Edinburgh [the owner of the house for salmon boiling, above mentioned]. He intended to send a vessel with goods to Husavik. He gave me a number (8 June, 1861) of the *Illustrated London News*.

The 4 July, and 6 following days, I was occupied at painting a parlour room at Reikjahlid. It is the third painted room at present in the environs at Myvatn.

The 9th I began the hay harvest. I had fine and plenty grass on my tûn, and got hay enough for my 2 cows of this little spot.

The 14 Agust, when I was occupaid at grass-cutting, I saw a boat, and looking in my glass I perceived there were foreigners in it, they had come from Skutustad, and came to Reikjahlid in the afternoon. I heard when I came home that one in the boat had been Mr. Dasent (the translator of our most pleasant Saga, or history of Njala), and besides him were two other Englishmen and one Denish, a painter

that arrived to Reikjahlid. My curiosity drew me to Reikjahlid the day following, to have an interview with these gentlemen. I spoke for a while with them. The painter showed me many drawings that he had drawn in his journey of Iceland. I took leave with them, as they on the same day went on their travelling.

The 28 Agust, I was visited of two Englishmen, Mr. Holland and Mr. Shepherd, they had travelled from Reikjavik along the sea coast, of the south-east part of Iceland, and had ascended the great glacier named Orafajökul, and had encountered some difficulties on their journey in crossing the great and rapid rivers that fall from the glaciers on south-east Iceland. They staid for a week at Reikjahlid, and ascended the hills adjacent to the north-eastward side of the lake. I became a little aquented with them before they started from Reikjahlid. They were so very kind to me, and promised to send me an English book by the post from their home.

The 18 September, I rode to Hraunsrjett. It means a great square of stone wall, whither the immense flock of sheep is driven from the summer runs, to be separated in this fold by every sheepowner, and then driven to the farms. It was very fine weather this day, and an innumerable multitude of sheep, horses, dogs, and men were come together on this occasion, and there was an accursed tumult and cries, as many became intoxicated, especialli at the end of the day. I rode homeward the following night.

The 29 September I met with an English traveller in Reikjahlid (Mr. Ralph Milbanke), who intended to sojourn next winter in Iceland, and as he had travelled round the south-east part of Iceland, he already had got some knowledge of our tongue. He came to reside on Grenjadirstad, and did wonderfull progress in the language. I had a little correspondence with him in the next winter, and made some few verses to him — "*Pu Sast vid Laxår Snaranstræum*." I likewise sold him some of my Icelandic books and clothes, which were made after our old fashion. As he perceived my propensity to learn and read English, he promised to send me an amusing book as a present when he arrived to England.

Early in Januar 1862 I borrowed the "*Wandering Jew*," and perused this amusing romance in the evenings, and after I had read this romance, I began the reading of Walter Scott's romances, and found them very good also.

The 10 of March I went on a jouni to

Modruvalla, for my sister had in her last letters entreated me to visit her once in this winter. I reached Ljosvatn the first day, after walking about 14 miles, and got lodging for the night at the farmer's. The following day I rose early and continued my travelling, although in very stormy weather and dense snowdrift, and reached in the afternoon to the bay that is called Eyafjordur. As I intended to cross this bay in a boat I walked to a farm "tunga," and begged the farmer to hire me boat and men, but he replied that the boat was not at hand, and said he expected it would come in the evening from the merchant town Akureyri. He begged me enter into his hous and wait for awhile. I thanked him and did so, and was entertained with coffee and bread. As I had staid there for about 3 hours, I began to be tedious for could not pursue my journey, and the boat was not arrived at the expected hour. But the husband was so kind as to offer me lodging for the night, which I accepted with thanks. One of his manservants was in the boat too. I got up early the next morning. Then a man came and told the sad news that the boat, on its returning homewards, had overturned with all the men, 7 in number, in the tempestuous weather the previous day. They had all perished in the waves save one, the manservant from the farm Tunga, before some men in a boat could help them, although they had all at first come on the keel of the boat, but were soon casted off of the great billows. As I heard this calamity I had not a mind to cross the bay in a boat, and therefore went forward on foot around this long bay, and came at noon to Akureiri. I stayed there for awhile, was entertained with brandy and beer at my freand's which I met with, and after this recreation I went to the provincial judge, as I had an errand to him concerning some money that I had inherited after a kinswoman of mine. He delivered me the money, 28 dollars — 52 skilling in Danish coin — then I started for Modruvalla in company with a man that was to go the same way. As we had gone to a small river, not far northward from Akureyri, a sudden gust took the hat off my head, and even though I ran in full speed after it to the sea shore, I could not get hold of it before it was lost for ever in the foaming Sea! By this little unhappi accident, the caus preliminarì to one other that the reader shall hear in the following lines, I was compelled to stop my travelling. We returned therefore to an alehouse that stands a short distant from the

town, in order to borrow a hat, but as I could not get it there, my travelling companion offered me to run in town and fetch one I had left there. Whilst he was on this errand I sat and awaited him in the alehouse, and bespoke brandy and coffee for us when he arrived. Within half an hour he came and brought me my old hat, and I entertained him with the beverage above mentioned for his pains, and he seemed to have good appetit upon the brandy. I likewise took too many glasses of the liquor, and began to be fuddled. The day was advanced, so we were obliged to take leave, but I took up my money in order to pay the hostess before we went out of the hous. As I was counting the money to her, a ragged young man entered into the hous, and asked whither we were going, and as we told him, he said "Very well, I intend to accompani you the same way." He then bought a pint of brandy, and begged me to keep it in my pocket, as I did for him, but my money I wrapt in a handkerchief and tied it together, for as I said farewell to the hostess she cried to me "Take care of your money, John." As we, on the road, were chattering about several things, the ragged youngster walked behind us, and now and then begged me to hand him the bottle, and gave me and my other companion to taste of his brandy. We went thus forwards on the road, and came near a farm in the twilight named Skjaldarvik. Then my former companion saw a man in a short distant from us, and begged us to wait a little while for him as he wanted to speak with this man he saw. We sat us therefore down under a low wall, and conversed for a while. He begged me to hand his bottle, and to drink a little with him, but I denied, and said I had already got enough. I now found an irresistible declination to sleep, and leaned towards the wall, and within a moment, I fall in sleep. After about a quarter of an hour, I was awakened of John, my former companion, but the ragged scoundrel stoed ready to part with us, and said he would go to a certain farm Glæsibe. So he parted with us, but we went to the nearer farm Skjaldarvik, and begged for lodging for the night. My drunkenness had somewhat abated, so I found it fit to examine my pocket. When I drew up my handkerchief I perceived that I had been robbed of my money, for the handkerchief was all torned and some few dollars remaining. I found 12 dollars wanting, and a gold ring of 3 dollars value. I at first do not know how to do, I though resolved to stay and rest in the farm for

the night, and pursue the thief the next day. I had an uneasi sleep during the night. The day following, after we had drunk a cup of coffe, we hurried forward, and reached soon to the farm Glæsibe, but the ragged villain Jack (it was his name) was run away for a little while, wherefore we hastened from thence in our pursuit. When we got to the nearest farm, we saw four or five men standing out doors, and as they saw us coming, one of them hastened away as thunderstruck. I immediately called aloud "Jack, Jack, wait, wait!" but he did not stop his running till we lost him of sight behind an outhouse. When we were run thither, he was standing there in a great uneasiness and perturbation. I asked him of my lost money, he replied "I do not know of thy money, and have not touched a peny of it." Then said John, "Thou art thief, and hast stolen the money. We will go in searching in thy garments. Thou, villain, shalt be drawn before the judge, if thou wilt not confess thy guilt." He then stammered to me, in a faltering and trembling voice, "It was indeed me that found some dollars that you had lost on the road yesterday evening, and I would keep them in savety for you." "How long?" asked I, but he could not answer for shame. I said, "Let me have my money directly." Then he walked some few yards from us, and searched after his footprints in the snow, he at once stooped down and began to digg the snow with his hands, till he took upp a bundle and handed it to me. I untied it and found it contain 8 dollars. I asked him where he had concealed that was wanting, viz., 4 dollars and the gold ring, but he denied to have stolen more of me. I was not contented with his answer on me questions, and ordered him to go with me before the provincial judge, if he then would sincerely confess his guilt. I then took leave with John, and went back again with this villain to Glæsibe, for I hoped he would confess when we were two together. But it was in vain, we went to Skjaldarvik, and I resolved to bring him before the judge in Akureyri. At once he said to me, "I will leave you for a minute, and then I come again." I stood and waited, and believed he would come and bring me that was wanting, when at once I became tired of to wait ther, and looked after him. I then saw where he was amounting a horse, which he stole in the field, and gallopered away, and was soon out of sight.

I then at last walked to Modruvalla in bad humour, till I arrived and came to my

sister, who bad me heartily welcome, and I entered into her hous, and told her my calamities on my travelling. Her husband, who is a clerk at the Baiff [to the bailiff] of North and East Island, was very amiable to me, and desired me to abide at his hous for some days. His library was open for me, so I amused myself by reading when he was occupaid at the writing table. The 15 of March, I set on my travelling from Modruvalla, and my brother-in-law Sweinn accompanied me almost to Skjaldarvik, about 2 statute miles. There I took leave with him, and walked to a farm, where I met with some women that told me my lost gold ring and about one dollar in change, were found there close by the hous, of a child, when Jack and I had departed the preseding day. The change had been spied by a man, and the ring lay uppermost, which Jack indeed had did before he departed on the horse. I knew immediately it was my ring and money, so I at last got my money, save about 3 dollars were yet wanting, and was very glad by this happiness. I walked to Akureiri this same evening and got lodging for the night at an acquanter. The next day was a Sunday so I tarried in the town, and was invited of some of my freands and acquanters. I had likewise opportunity to look at some libraries especialli for English books. I borrowed one volume of *Household Words* by Charles Dickens, and the "North Atlantic Telegraff," by Shaffner. I was at prayers in the hous of Mr. Samundson, and at seven o'clock in the afternoon I entered a new playhous, a new establishment in this town. The play was pretty well performed, as the players was not at all versed in the art, though they amused the spectators with their comical performances, especialli in love histories. The players were all Iclandish men save one who was Danish. When the comedie was ended, I set on my journey, in the night, and wandered in moonlight to east from Akureiri, and was on the following day advanced to the river Skjalfandafljot, and the next day I arrived at my home (the 18). My wife, mother and children said my heartily welcome, I presented them coffee and fine bread, so my wife dressed a little banquet for us all, and I told them all my bad and good adventures on my journey.

At this time we had severe weather, so some of the peasants was in wanting of food for ther sheep. I had plenty of hay and could help some creatures from starvation, but I had scanty of victuals for my family, but milk and corn, so I bought fish

from Husavik, but in April the fishing of trout increased, so we had enough fare.

In May I prepared and digged my gardens, and sowed cabbage and potatoes as usual. In June the people became subject of a certain illness or catarrhal sickness, so several men died of it. I and most of my family suffered of this illness for some time, but recovered before the time of hay harvest. The 28 of July I was seeking on horseback after 4 ewes that were gone astray to the hills. In the afternoon I was overtaken by terrific thunderings, the rain poured down in torrents, the poor horse became raving mad, so I was compelled to dismount, and lead the horse a long with me. This great storm lasted about 3 hours. I have never been more delighted when it left off, and the western sunbeams enlivened the poor brutes in the fields, which stood closely in crowds, or had fled in the caves, and I grew dried of my wetness. Some days after we perceived a dens smoke in the air that showed that a Volcan was in eruption. We at last got the news from the Southland that it was in a glacier, which burnt for a part of the summer, and it was, indeed, the main cause for the rainy and cold summer season we then had.

The 9 of July I heard that some Englishmen were arrived to Reikjahlid, and hearing the news, I made haste to go and visit them. I was very glad when my freand Mr. Shepherd was one of them, and offered them my servitude, as they were seeking after birds and eggs. The 10th I guided them on the lava in order to seek out a nest of a certain bird, who I thought were Midgraond, but when the bird was killed of their gunshots, it proved not to be the bird they asked for. I invited them, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Fowler, to my hous, and as Mr. Shepherd remembered his promise to me the last summer, viz., to send me a book as a fraendly present, he heard of me that I had a mind to have a little bible, he was, therefore, so amiable as to give me his pocket bible, and wrote this sentence on it from the Proverbs: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith;" and "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The 14 in same month they departed from Reikjalid. I began the haymaking the 22nd of July, but the grass was rather little in this cold summer. I got though enough for my few sheep, cows, and goats. I had finished to cut the grass of my meadows 12 September.

The 16 Sept. I rode with many other

in Gaungur, which means to search after sheep between the mountains far off in southward direction from Myvatn. The 17 we found many sheep, the 18 the flock increased considerably, but the 19 the great and innumerable collection of sheep was driven of a numbrous body of riding men, but we had to drive them in a stormfull day to the Rjett, where this sheep should be separated, and a multitude were assembled at the Rjett, or large sheepfold, that day. I rode home this same evening in company with men and women that had visited the Rjett, many of them but for pleasure. My crop of potatoes was very little this autumn, viz., only 4 bushels, or half a barrel, which I appointed to keep savelly the coming winter in order to sow them the next spring.

I and my wife were invited to a wedding feast on a farm called Gardur. Here, at Myvatn, the visitors were entertained with abundance of mutton, rice, coffe, and fine bread and brandy. I was compelled to awake the whole night, as I was the sole musicer for the young people that was fond of music, but at last I was conquered of the strong drink, and fell asleep when I was in the boat that caryed me in savety at home early in the morning of the following day. In the month of October I began to build the stone wall, and laid myself dead fatigued in the bed after I had trudged the whole day in lifting great stones and shovelling mould or small stones in the midst of the wall. When I left off this work the length of the wall was 150 fathoms, but there were 50 fathoms still after to finish the whole wall around my part of the tñn. This autumn I changed one of my cows as she did not milk well, and got a great red cow again, so I had now 2 red cows in my byres, and from them I had plenty of milk for the support of my family, but of other victuals I had rather too little. I however hoped that the fishing of trout during the spawning time would, as usual, encrease my store of victual for the approaching winter season.

The 1st Novemb. I put my nets under the ice and walked to them every day, now and then in bad and frosty weather, and fished 4 or 5 or 6 each day, besides smaller trout. Gilthead from 4 or 5 to 10 or 12 or thereabout. The trout were all dried in the air and kept for winter food. This year passed away without any remarkable adventure to me or to my family, and we saluted the coming new year, 1863, with our common festivals at Christmas and New Year's Day.

In this month (Januar.) I borrowed the new Danish Encyclopædia and read the book at all my leisure hours, as I found it very instructive in all sciences.

The unhappiness occurred one day in the latter part of January, that when I returned home from my nets all my little herd of sheep stood crowded together at the door of their cote, and I soon perceived that one of my lambs was all covered on his forehead with blood. I ran to look at him, and as I had counted them in haste, I found one lamb wanting. The fox had of cours chased my herd and bitten a lamb, and killed the one that was wanting. I ran in among the lava in order to search after the carcass, and after a short search I found the dead lamb under a rock, but the fox of russet colour ran away as he perceived me approaching. But he had eaten part of the lamb. I was henceforth obliged to go every day with my sheep in among the lava where they were pasturing, and stand there the live-long day, sometimes in frost and bad weather. I read by occasions, in order to shorten the tedious hours, most often in the great encyclopædia. One day I ventured to leave my herd, but in the evening a lamb was wanting, which the fox had killed during my absence. I lost thus 4 lambs, which was the more piteous as I had endured the loss of 8 sheep before in this winter, so my little herd diminished when I wanted it to increase in proportion to my family, who should for the most part have its livelihood and necessities from the herd, that were now only 46 in number. During this winter this same fox killed almost 30 sheep at the farms around Lake Myvatn. Last in April, when the fine weather came on I left my sheep to themselves, for the fox had at last quitted the neighbourhood, and I began the outhous works which my economy required, as to carry stones to the wall, lay dung on the tûn, and besides lay the nets every night in the lake, and take them in my boat in the morning. Some of the peasants were as usual in wanting of hay for their creatures, so they were compelled to borrow hay from them that had plenty of it. I had plenty of hay and was able to lend to the poorer. The 14 May (which is the appointed day for shifting and discharging of the serving people) I took a manservant for the third part of the year, so he worked for me every third week. His name was Sigurjôn, he had served me before half a year.

Late in May I sowed potatoes and cabbage in my 2 gardens but it was not likely

that it would grow, as the weather was extremely cold about this time, and sometimes thick drift of snow, and the grass grow so scantily that the cows were wintering in their hyre till early in June.

The artist Arngrimur above-mentioned, begun to teach swimming to some young boys in a fjord distant from my hous, as here was some warm water, and the more agreeable for the youngsters to go in it in the stormy and cold days we had in June this year. Arngrimur visited me every day, and all his schoolboys, 10 or 12 in number. He had his flute or fiolin, so we practised music together, and applied ourselves to learn and so progress in this amusing art. I worked assiduously at the stone wall, and finished this great work the 8 of July, which I had made alone round the half tûn in Vogum and I expect that this wall will stand so long as the country is inhabited. About this same time the other farmer Asmundur finished the wall he had built about his part of the tûn, which were as durable as mine, so now could no horses or cattle enter into this fertile spot to spoil and trod it. The 6 July my wife bare a male child, so we had now 2 sons and 2 daughters. He were called Arni Julius, after his grandfather, Arni a Sveinstrond, and the other name after the month which he was born. My family had now increased to 9½ men and all unable to work save I and my manservant, when he was in my hous. My wife had enough to take care of the children and dress the meat for us all. However the time of business at haymaking drew near at hand, and I begun to cut the grass down with my sithe the 17th of July. My old mother raked the grass together, with an old woman which I kept in my hous, my elder daughter Sigridur, and my little niece Kristin took care of our milking sheep.

The 14: August, a Quaker, Mr. Sharp, came to Reikjalid, and with him an Ic-lander, Mr. Eiríkur Magnusson, as his interpreter. The following day he preached in the little church at Reikjahl. I went this day to Reikjalid to hear his sermon, which the people found excellent and praisefull, and some of them even got by heart some sentences. The interpretation of Mr. Eirik was so excellent, that not a single word was lost for the hearers of the good and awakening admonition to the little assembly, to repent their sins and turn again on the way that led us to heaven.

As this amiable man knew that I had somewhat knowledge in his native lan-



guage, he promised to send me one book from his abode, so I thanked him heartily, his kindness to me and I hope for this book next Spring. He took leave with us, and rode to Grenjadarstada in the afternoon, but the hearers returned to their hous, and kept his admonitory words in their heart, we wished ardently that he would come the next summer to our parish, to preach for us again.

The 23 inst: I was visited of a Danish doctor, Mr. Harald Krabbi, he intended to look at the brimstone mines. I rode with him and his manservant thither, in fine clear weather in the afternoon. He looked attentively at the boiling mud craters by the side of the hill. He bought and killed dogs, in order to look in their guts after the worm that is believed to be the main cause of the hepatic disorder that is so frequent sickness among the inhabitants of Iceland. He paid about 10 pence for each dog he bought. He departed from Reikjahlid the next day to Akureiri.

Last in this month, Agust, I rode to the merchant town Húsavik, and bought [so] much of corn and other nessessaries, [that] I was able to pay the merchants, likewise I bought wood fit for the wainscoting of my parlour. There were a multitude of people assembled at Húsavik in these days, for the rye was too scanty. Every one wished to have as much as he wanted for housholding, but it were all sold when the last came, so they were compelled to drive their baggage horses unloaded to their farms.

The 11 September I finished the grass-cutting in my meddows, but the last I had cut was yet undried when the weather changed, so we had every day cloudy, rainy, and stormy air, and it altered to thick snowdrift in the latter part of the month. The hay lay continually undried, and the poor peasants were afraid of losing it under the snow. Some of them owned 2 to 4 or 6 foddors for a cow the whole winter, thus lost or corrupted, and at last buried under the thick snow, which increased one day after another. I lost not more than 5 "bagga" (each 10 stone weight.)

28 Sept: Most of the farms at Myvatn were invited to a wedding at Reikjahlid, as the farmer Petur married his second daughter to a young man. Even though the weather was sleety this day, most of the invited people came to Reikjahlid in the morning. I was intreated to bring my fiolin, and my friend Arngrim had likewis his fiolin. All the guests were sufficiently

entertained with coffi and wheat bread, mutton, rice, brandy, and punch, so the cheerfulness increased in the evening. We played on our fiolins perpetually the former part of the night, but at last the wine and sleep overpowered us, so we prostrated ourselves on a bed and slept to the noon-hour of next day. When we all had got a cup coffi and a glass of brandy, we returned to our abode with only the remembrance of this merrymment. At this time, all were busy in searching after the rambling sheep in the spacious wilderness about the lake. As it snowed every day, it would be very difficult to find or drive the flock to the farms, and many a sheep was wanting when the search was ended, and many of them was consequently buried living under the thick snow. When the slaughtering time had passed away, some few farmers were selected to look at the store of hay on each farm, and advise or command the peasants, to keep not more sheep or cows than they had enough provender for, the approaching winter. But their work and advises were in vain, as the reader shall hear later in this narration. Some of them obeyed not the good advise, but set all their stores of living creatures in hazard. I remembered my great loss in the severe winter 1848-49, and had not too many sheep, but 2 horses, 2 cows and a calf on my hay-store, so I had plenty of hay even in the most severe winter. This autumn I got not one single potato from my gardens, they had all perished and gone in rottenness in the frosty summer, but I got about 6 bushels of turnips, and digged them from the snow that covered my garden. It was very piteous for me to loos thus my potatos and to have no to sow the next spring.

When the ice covered the lake and was passable, I went with six nets and put them under the ice, and went every day to look at them, and take or extricate the trout that had entangled themselves during the darkness of the long winter night.

My freand Arngrim visited me on his journey to a Parsonage hous called Skinas-tadir, where he should paint a Church within, during this winter. I gave him lodging at my hous the approaching night, but as the young people in Reikjahlid heard the news from somebody that happened to come there, that we were playing together he on the flute, and I on the fiolin, they came 7 in number and solicited us to play for them different melodyes, so we played uninterrupted till twelf at clock in the night, and after this amusement they returned. They had a great liking

for music, especialli the 3 unmarried daughters of the farmer Petur, as well as his 3 sons. Arngrim went on his long travelling the next day, as he had finished a picture of me, that resembled very well, as all that he drew.

This winter I fished pretty well, and better on the spawning shallow than in the 3 last winters, especialli of the gilthead, so we had in possession, a hundred of dried trout "band" at New Year. A band of trout means 2 trouts, hanged together in a string. Last in Februar, I left off my winter fishing, as the trout is then gone away or killed at the spawning places.

I had several amusing books to read this winter, viz: "Jerusalem Revisited," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Family Sonhalden," likewise I read the "Voyage of Galatea round the Globe in 1845-46-47," by Steen Bille, in 3 volumes, and beside this, some new Icelandic books, but indeed it is very few books that is published now-a-days in Iceland, because the poor people have no money, or find out no means to buy any books, although they are generalli very fond of reading.

We had most often snowy and frosti weather to New Year 1864, but then rather mild weather to the later part of Febru: then it changed again, and frost and dens snowdrift, with great Northerly and Easterly wind, that lasted to the midst of April. In this space of time the farmers at Myvatn became in want of hay, though not all, there were some few among that were able to assist, and either lended hay, or took the sheep to their own homes and fed them, while the austere weather lasted. As the snow was much less in the farms east of the lake, we had plenty of hay in the farms of Vogum, Strond and Reikjahlid, so numerous flocks of sheep were driven to our farms, which lived on our pasture lands almost without hay. Likewise we took many horses. I lended to the poor farmers somewhat of hay. Some farmers however lost their sheep, or were compelled to kill their cows, that they should have provender for the sheep. Now I had last began the 1st of Marts to wainscot my little parlour and worked at it for six weeks, and completed the wood-work and floor within it, but the tapestry were yet unfinished, for I wanted the linen under it. I had long been desirous after a comily little room, but had not before found out means to accomplish it. I had a mind to adorn this room as much as I was able, and as I had bought tapestry to it, so although lesser than some of the parlours of the wealthier peasants, mine

were the handsomest, for nobody had yet tapestered their rooms, even on the whole North-East Iceland, save in the towns, but some few were painted. I had likewise fine pictures to decorate the walls.

The 14 April a merchant vessel came to Husavik, the people was very gladdened by this news, as it were in wanting of rye and other nessessaries, and even bordered to famine in some families, so they hastened to fetch and tug on sledges the victuals to their houses. But the sad news were told of the crew on the ship, and likewise was written to the merchants that our good King of Denmark Fridrik VII. was died, and hostilities were commenced between Denmark and Germany, concerning the dukedoms Slesvig and Holstein, and it is very likely that this will be the last war about these dukedoms and that Denmark lose them for ever, if not the English Government assist the Danish King, and I wish earnestly they will do so, and thus recompense the plundering of the fleet of poor Denmark, and the bombarding of the metropole in the commencing of this century, for I hear it is a good concord between these two countries at present. But if Denmark lose these good provinces I wish for the separation of Denmark in following manner—that Zealand and the adjacent islands, viz:—Fjon Falster Langaland, be a Dukedom, to the descendants of the Danish regal family, Jutland be conjoined to Sweden, the Faro islets to Norway, but Iceland and Greenland be combined to Great Britain.

But it is not for me to write of the destination of the Danish monarchy. I will therefore turn again to my own relation in my peacefull and pleasant country house, and detail what happens this day, as it is the last day that I write at present of my past livetime, but the first day in the summer, the 21st April 1864. The first day in the summer is always Thursday that falls between the 18th and 25th April, and is a joyfull festival day above the whole Iceland, especialli for the presents that we call Sumargjaver, that means summer gifts of various things among the inhabitants in each country hous. My mother got upp at 5 o'clock in the morning and dressed coffi to us, she is yet healthy and in good cheer, in a age of 72. As we had drunk our coffi, and our children, 4 in number, and Kristin the fifth (the daughter of my sister) had got a cup of warm milk and sugar each, I began to sing a song before prayers. When I had sung, I read 15 pages on a good sermon-book, all about the coming summer, and thanking to our

Lord for his protection of his poor people in Iceland the past winter. I sung a song after the sermon and then finished it, then I went out doors, made the sign of the Cross on my face. I perceived the change of weather, for it were serene and thawing this morning, instead of frost and foggi for the past days, and all snow was molten away near the water, but further off the land was yet covered of thick snow, and was enlightened here and there of the morning sunbeams; but dark blue clouds were scattered over the sky, and the sun sent occasional his rays between them, as a breeze pressed on in the upper regions. I went first to my sheepcote, and distributed plenty of hay to them, for I thought it fit that they should likewise have a sufficient meal on this joyfull day. At the same time my mother worked in the byre, and my wife milked the cows. As it were finished, I and my wife entered in the boat and rowed a little distant from the house, and drew in our 6 nets. We got 8 little trouts in them. At 9 o'clock my wife brought the abundant breakfast on the table, which consisted in the best dried trout, a piece of exquisite mutton, bread and butter, and plenty of cow milk to boot, and although it were dressed in a simple manner, we sat as contented at this fare, as some of the weather at their meal from the finer cookery. As we had eaten sufficiently, I took my violin, for I held the day for a day of recreation, and my children stood round me and sang the melodies they understood for awhile, but my wife sat and gave suck to the youngest one listening to the music.

All my children are healthy and gay, my elder daughter, Sigridur, is now eight years, of a sanguine temper, and rather to fond of gaudery, but her sister Arnina is now six years, and is of a different temperance, a little melancholi. She has great liking for all economic affairs and rural works, and does not at all care for the gaudery. My elder son, Jón Friman, is in his fifth year, a lively lad, notwithstanding obedient, and much inclined to me, but my little infant, Arni Julius, wants yet 10 weeks to his first year, though healthy and gay. Nobody have died in my family during the time of my own housekeeping, and I and my wife strive to keep our house and raiment in cleanliness and order, and in our daily chamber good ventilation.

How charming day! It is noon, and the sunbeams fall on the calm and plain

surface of the lake, and many birds of passage that have lately arrived are cheerfully chattering on the calm water, and some are coming, hurrying, flying in the air, and fling themselves on the lake between their companions. The midges are now reviving, and swarm gently in the warm and bright sunshine near the beach of the water. Now and then a trout ascend to the level surface in order to snatch a midge, and move a little the surface and disappear in the same moment. A holy peace is prevailing over this rural scenery, and a divine rejoice is awakened in every bosom. In this happy hour I sit writing these last lines of my past lifetime, in my little room, 34 years 227 days of age.

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Here ends this quaint, simple record of a man's life, a genuine modern saga, simple and true; just as Jón Jónsson wrote it in English, at Vogum, near Myvatn, in Iceland. He died shortly after this date. His widow is remarried, and now lives at Rêke.

[Mr. Shephard, in "The North-west Peninsula of Iceland" (Longmans & Co., 1867), at page 159, thus describes a visit made in the summer of 1862, to Vogum: "During Bjarni's absence Jón Jónsson, the proprietor of the farm at Vogar, a short distance from Reykjavík, paid us a visit, and invited us to go and see him. Vogar is a small oasis in the lava, on the shores of the lake (Myvatn), and in its sheltered garden there were cabbages and potatoes growing with some vigor. He had taught himself English from one or two books which he possessed, but he had no idea of an English sound. He spoke English with an Icelandic pronunciation, and we had some very amusing conversations with him. He told us that he was dissatisfied with his country, for it was too 'coldish.' He was the only Icelander I saw who possessed a fiddle. He could play a little; but the strings were broken and he was unable to replace them. He showed us a short description of Myvatn and the surrounding mountains, which he had written in English. His style was rather peculiar. He gave me his MS., hoping that I would correct it and return it to him; but sad to say, it was *lost* before I reached Reykjavík."]

From The Examiner.

## GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE MISTRESS OF WILLOWBY.

THE Lady Sylvia arose with the early dawn, and dressed, and stole noiselessly down the stairs, and through the great stone hall. Clad all in a pale blue, with a thin white garment thrown round her head and shoulders, she looked like a ghost as she passed through the sleeping house; but she was no longer like a ghost when she went out on to the high terrace, and stood there in the blaze of a May morning. Rather she might have been taken for the very type of English girlhood in its sweetest springtime, and the world can show nothing more fair and noble and gracious than that. Perhaps, as her boy cousin had said, she was a trifle serious in expression, for she had lived much alone, and she had pondered, in her own way, over many things. But surely there was no excess of gloom about the sweet young face — its delicate oval just catching the warm sunlight — or about the pretty, half-parted, and perhaps somewhat too sensitive lips; nor yet resting on the calm and thoughtful forehead that had as yet no wrinkle of age or care. However, it was always difficult to scan the separate features of this girl; you were drawn away from that by the irresistible fascination of her eyes, and there shone her life and soul. What were they — grey, blue, or black? No one could exactly tell, but they were large, and they had dark pupils, and they were under long eyelashes. Probably, seeing that her face was fair — and even paler than one might have expected — and her hair of a light, wavy, and beautiful brown — those eyes were blue or grey, but that was of little consequence. It was the story they told that was of interest. And here, indeed, there was a certain seriousness about her face, but it was the seriousness of sincerity. There was no coquetry in those tender and earnest eyes. Familiar words acquired a new import when Lady Sylvia spoke them; for her eyes told you that she meant what she said, and more than that.

It was as yet the early morning, and the level sunshine spread a golden glory over the eastward-looking branches of the great elms, and threw long shadows on the greensward of the park. Far away

the world lay all asleep, though the kindling light of the new day was shining on the green plains, and on the white hawthorns, and on this or that grey house remotely visible among the trees. What could be a fitter surrounding for this young English girl than this English-looking landscape? They were both of them in the freshness and beauty of their springtime, that comes but once in a year and once in a life.

She passed along the terrace. Down below her the lake lay still; there was not a breath of wind to break the reflections of the trees on the glassy surface. But she was not quite alone in this silent and sleeping world. Her friends and companions, the birds, had been up before her; she could hear the twittering of the young starlings in their nests, as their parents came and went carrying food, and the loud and joyful "tirr-a-wee, tirr-a-wee, prooit, tweet!" of the thrushes, and the low currooing of the wood-pigeon, and the soft call of the cuckoo that seemed to come in whenever an interval of silence fitted. The swallows dipped and flashed, and circled over the bosom of the lake. There were blackbirds eagerly but cautiously at work, with their short spasmodic trippings, on the lawn. A robin, perched on the iron railing, eyed her curiously, and seemed more disposed to approach than to retreat.

For, indeed, she carried a small basket, with which the robin was doubtless familiar, and now she opened it, and began to scatter handfuls of crumbs on the gravel. A multitude of sparrows, hitherto invisible, seemed to spring into life. The robin descended from his perch. But she did not wait to see how her bounties were shared; she had work further on.

Now the high-lying park and ground of Willowby Hall formed a dividing territory between two very different sorts of country. On the north, away beyond the lake, lay a broad plain of cultivated ground, green, and soft, and fair, dotted with clusters of farm-buildings and scored by tall hedgerows. On the south, on the other hand, there was a wilderness of sandy heath and dark-green common, now all ablaze with gorse and broom; black pine-woods high up at the horizon; and one long, yellow, and dusty road apparently leading nowhere, for there was no trace of town or village as far as the eye could see.

It was in this latter direction that Sylvia Blythe now turned her steps; and you will never know anything about her unless you know something of these her secret haunts and silent ways. These were her

world. Beyond that distant line of firwood on the horizon her imagination seldom cared to stray. She had been up to London of course; had stayed with her father at a hotel in Arlington Street; had been to the opera once or twice; and dined at some friends' houses. But of the great, actual, struggling and suffering world — of the ships carrying emigrants to unknown lands beyond the cruel seas, of the hordes driven down to death by disease and crime in the squalid dens of great cities, of the eager battle, and flushed hopes, and bitter disappointments of life — what could she know? Most girls become acquainted at some time or other with a little picturesque misery. It excites feelings of pity and tenderness, and calls forth port wine and tracts. It comes to them with the recommendation of the curate. But even this small knowledge of a bit of the suffering in the world had been denied to Lady Sylvia; for her father, hearing that she contemplated some charitable visitation of the kind, had strictly forbidden it.

"Look here, Sylvia," said he, "I won't have you go trying to catch scarlet fever or something of that sort. We have no people of our own that want looking after in that way; if there are, let them come to Mrs. Thomas. As for sick children and infirm grandfathers elsewhere, you can do them no good; there are plenty who can — leave it to them. Now, don't forget that. And if I catch either Mr. Shuttleworth or Dr. Grey allowing you to go near any of these hovels, I can tell you they will hear of it."

And so it came to be that her friends and dependants were the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels of the woods and the heath; and of these she knew all the haunts and habits, and they were her companions in her lonely wanderings. Look, for example, at this morning walk of hers. She passes through some dense shrubberies — the blackbirds shooting away through the laurel-bushes — until she came to an open space at the edge of a wood where there was a spacious dell. Here the sunlight fell in broad patches on a tangled wilderness of wild-flowers — great masses of blue hyacinths, and white starwort, and crimson campion, and purple ground ivy. She stayed a minute to gather a small bouquet which she placed in her dress; but she did not pluck two snow-white and waxen hyacinths, for she had watched these strangers ever since she had noticed that the flowers promised to be white.

Should he upbraid,  
I'll own that he'll prevail

she hummed carelessly to herself, as she went on again; and now she was in a sloping glade, among young larches and beeches, with withered brackens burning red in the scattered sunlight, with the new brackens coming up in solitary stalks of green, their summits not the fiddle-head of the ordinary fern, but resembling rather the incurved three claws of a large bird. She paused for a moment; far along the path in front of her, and quite unconscious of her presence, was a splendid cock pheasant, the bronzed plumage of his breast just catching a beam of the morning light. Then he stalked across the path — followed by his sober-colored hen — and disappeared into the ferns. She went on again. A squirrel ran up a great beech-tree, and looked round at her from one of the branches. A jay fled screaming through the wood — just one brief glimpse of brilliant blue being visible. Then she came to a belt of oak paling, in which was a very dilapidated door; and by the door stood a basket, much larger than that she had carried from the Hall. She took up the basket, let herself out by the small gate, and then found herself in the open sunshine, before a wide waste of heath.

This was Willowby Heath, a vast stretch of sandy ground covered by dark heather mostly, but showing here and there brilliant masses of gorse and broom, and here and there a small larch-tree, not over four feet in height, but gleaming with a glimmer of green over the dark common. A couple of miles away, on a knoll, stood a windmill, its great arms motionless. Beyond that again, the heath darkened as it rose to the horizon, and ended in a black line of firs.

She hummed as she went this idle song; and sometimes she laughed, for the place seemed to be alive with very young rabbits, and those inexperienced babes showed an agony of fear as they fled almost from under her feet, and scurried through the dry heather to the sandy breaks. It was at one of the largest of these breaks — a sort of ragged pit some six feet deep and fifty feet long — that she finally paused, and put down her heavy load. Her approach had been the signal for the magical disappearance of about fifty or sixty rabbits, the large majority being the merest mites of things.

Now began a strange incantation scene. She sat down in the perfect stillness; there was not even a rustle of her dress.



There was no wind stirring; the white clouds in the pale blue overhead hung motionless; the only sound audible was the calling of a peewit far away over the heath.

She waited patiently, in this deep silence. All round and underneath this broken bank, in a transparent shadow, were a number of dark holes of various sizes. These were the apertures for the gnomes to appear from the bowels of the earth. And as she waited, behold! one of those small caverns became tenanted. A tiny head suddenly appeared, and two black eyes regarded her, with a sort of blank, dumb curiosity, without fear. She did not move. The brown small creature came out further; he sat down, like a little ball, on the edge of the sandy slope; he was just far enough out for the sunlight to catch the tips of his long ears, which thereupon shone transparent, a pinky grey. His eyes were caught by another sudden awakening of life. At the opposite side of the dell a head appeared, and bobbed in again—that was an old and experienced rabbit; but immediately afterwards one, two, three small bodies came out to the edge and sat there, a mute, watchful family, staring and being stared at. Then here, there, everywhere, head after head became visible; a careful look round, a noiseless trot out to the edge of the hole, a motionless seat there, not an ear or a tail stirring. In the mysterious silence, every eye was fixed on hers; she scarcely dared breathe, or these phantasmal inhabitants of the lower world would suddenly vanish. But what was this strange creature, unlike his fellows in all but their stealthy watchfulness and silent ways? He was black as midnight; he was large, and fat, and sleek; he was the only one of the parents that dared to come out and make part of this mystic picture.

"Satan!" she called; and she sprang to her feet, and gave one loud clap of her hands.

There was nothing but the dry sand-bank, staring with those empty holes. She laughed lightly to herself at that instantaneous scurry; and, having opened the basket, she scattered its contents—chopped turnips—all round the place; and then set off homewards. She arrived at the hall in time to have breakfast with her cousin, though that young gentleman was discontentedly grumbling over the early hours they kept in his uncle's house.

"Syllabus," said he, "are you going to stand champagne for lunch?"

"Champagne?—you foolish boy," said

she; "what do you want champagne for?"

"To celebrate my departure," said he. "You know you'll be awfully glad to get rid of me. I have worried your life out in these three days. Let's have some champagne at lunch, to show you don't bear malice. Won't you, old Syllabus?"

"Champagne?" said she. "Wine is not good for schoolboys. Is it sixpence you want to buy toffy with on the way to the station?"

After breakfast she had her rounds of the garden and greenhouses to make; she visited the kennels, and saw that the dogs had plenty of water; she went down to the lake to see that the swans had their food; she had a dumb conversation with her pony that was grazing in the meadow. How could the sweet day pass more pleasantly? The air was fresh and mild; the skies blue; the sun warm on the buttercups of the park—in fact, when she returned to the hall she found that her small bronze shoes and the foot of her dress were all dusted over with a gold powder.

But this was not to be an ordinary day. First of all she was greatly troubled by the mysterious disappearance of Johnny Blythe, who, she was afraid, would miss his train in the afternoon; then she was delighted by his appearance in company with a visitor, who was easily persuaded to stay to lunch; then there was a petty quarrel over the production of that bottle of public-house champagne—at which the girl turned, with a little flush in her cheek, to her visitor, whom she begged to forgive this piece of schoolboyish folly. Then Mr. John was bundled off in the waggonette to the station, and she and her visitor were left alone.

What had Madame Mephistopheles to do with this innocent girl?

"Oh, Lady Sylvia," she said, "how delightfully quiet you are here. Each time I come the stillness of the hall and the park strikes me more and more. It is a place to dream one's life away in, among the trees on the fine days, in the library on the bad ones. I suppose you don't wish ever to leave Willowby?"

"N—no," said the girl, with a faint touch of color in her face; and then she added, "But don't you think that one ought to try to understand what is going on outside one's immediate circle? One must become so ignorant, you know. I have been reading the leading articles in the *Times* lately."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes; but they only show me how very ignorant I must be, for I can scarcely find one that I can understand. And I have been greatly disappointed, too, with another thing. Have you seen this book?"

She went and fetched, from an adjoining table, a volume which she placed in her visitor's hands. It was entitled "The Ideas of the Day on Policy."

"There was a friend of papa's here one evening," said Lady Sylvia, demurely, "and we were talking about the greatly different opinions in politics that people held, and I asked him how an ignorant person like myself was to decide which to believe. Then he said, 'Oh, if you want to see all the *pros* and *cons* of the great political questions ranged opposite each other, take some such book as Buxton's 'Ideas of the Day;'" then you can compare them, and take which one strikes you as being most reasonable.' Well, I sent for the book; but look at it! It is all general principles. It does not tell me anything. I am sure no one could have read more carefully than I did the articles in the *Times* on the Irish Universities Bill. I have followed everything that has been said, and I am quite convinced by the argument; but I can't make out what the real thing is behind. And then I go to the book that was recommended to me. Look at it, my dear Mrs. —. All you can get is a series of propositions about national education. How does that help you to understand the Irish universities?"

Her visitor laughed, and put down the book; then she placed her hand within the girl's arm, and they went out for a stroll in the park, through the long warm grass, and golden buttercups, and blue speedwells.

"Why should you take such a new interest in politics, Lady Sylvia?" said Madam Mephistopheles, lightly.

"I want to take an interest in what concerns so many of my fellow-creatures," said the girl, simply. "Is not that natural? And if I were a man," she added, with some heightened color, "I should care for nothing but politics! Think of the good one might do — think of the power one might have. That would be worth living for — that would be worth giving one's life for — to be able to cure some of the misery of the world, and make wise laws, and make one's country respected among other nations. Do you know, I cannot understand how men can pass their lives in painting pretty pictures, and writing pretty verses, when there is all that

real work to be done — millions of their fellow-creatures growing up in ignorance and misery — the poor becoming poorer every day, until no one knows where the wretchedness is to cease."

These were fine notions to have got into the head of an ingenuous country maiden; and perhaps that reflection occurred to herself too, for she suddenly stopped, and her face was red. But her kind friend took no notice of this retiring modesty. On the contrary, she warmly approved of her companion's ways of thinking. England was proud of her statesmen. The gratitude of millions was the reward of him who devised wise statutes. What nobler vocation in life could there be for a man than philanthropy exalted to the rank of a science? But at the same time . . .

Ah! yes, at the same time a young girl must not fancy that all politicians were patriots. Sometimes it was the meaner ambitions connected with self that were the occasion of great public service. We ought not to be disappointed on discovering that our hero had some earthly alloy in his composition.

Indeed, continued this Mephistopheles, there was always a danger of allowing our imaginative conceptions of people to run too far. Young persons, more especially, who had but little practical experience of life, were often disappointed because they expected too much. Human nature was only human nature. Lady Sylvia now, for example, had doubtless never thought about marriage; but did she not know how many persons were grievously disappointed merely because they had been too generously imaginative before marriage?

"But how can any one marry without absolute admiration and absolute confidence?" demanded the girl, with some pride, but with her eyes cast down.

And there was no one there to interpose, and cry — "Oh, woman, woman, come away, and let the child dream her dream. If it is all a mistake — if it has to be repented for in hot tears and with an aching heart — if it lasts for but a year, a month, a day — leave her with this beautiful faith in love, and life, and heroism, which may soon enough be taken away from her."

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From The Popular Science Review.  
AGATES AND AGATE-WORKING.

BY F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S.

MOST of our fashionable watering-places offer to the visitor an attractive display

of agates and other siliceous stones, worked into a vast variety of ornamental forms. From the abundance of these agates it might fairly be assumed that the rough stones are to be had upon the neighboring beach for the mere trouble of gathering them. It is true, there are many spots along our coasts where the diligent seeker occasionally finds a pebble which, dull as it may seem on the outside, needs but the touch of the lapidary's wheel to bring to light its

Chalcedonic beauties, fair and bright.

Such pebbles, however, are as a rule by no means common, even in localities of repute; and it may be safely said that on no part of the English coast could agates be found sufficiently large for the manufacture of paper-knives, bowls, vases, and many other objects commonly exposed for sale. Moreover, these objects are generally offered at so extremely moderate a price that, wherever the raw material may be found, it is clear that it must be cut and polished in some locality where labor is much cheaper than in England. Usually, however, the inquirer considers such difficulties solved when he learns that the stones in question are German agates. Yet this explanation, as we shall presently find, is far from satisfactory. Indeed, we believe that, as a matter of fact, no agates worth naming have for many years been obtained from German soil; and although the old agate-mills are still active they have long been working exclusively on imported stones. We have, therefore, no more right to call such stones "German agates" than we should have to speak of a piece of Carrara marble as "English marble" simply because it happened that it had been worked into form by the chisel of an English sculptor. The true history of these agates, the localities whence they are obtained, their probable mode of formation, and the methods of cutting and polishing—are the subjects which it will be our business to explain in the present article.

As the tourist ascends the Rhine, and is about to leave one of the most picturesque parts of the river for the broad valley of the Rheingau, he passes, opposite to the vine-clad hill of the Niederwald, the mouth of the River Nahe. This river opens into the Rhine on its left bank, just below Bingen, and a little above the well-known Mouse Tower. The visitor will find the valley of the Nahe almost as beautiful as that of the Moselle, to which it runs nearly parallel, the two valleys be-

ing separated by the Devonian rocks of the Hunsrück Hills. Some distance after passing Kreuznach, with its baths, and the neighboring salt-works, the explorer, following the windings of the river, reaches the picturesquely seated town of Oberstein, about forty miles from Bingen. It is this little town which has been, time out of mind, the great centre of the agate trade of the world. Although situated in the southern part of Rhenish Prussia, Oberstein and the rest of Birkenfeld form an isolated patch belonging to the grand duchy of Oldenburg—a kind of political outlier of the far-distant duchy, entirely distinct from the surrounding Rhine Province.

Few branches of industry owe their birth more directly to the geological structure of the district in which they are seated than the agate industry of Oberstein. Those hills which rise behind the town in grotesque crags, crowned by the relics of baronial castles, consist of an eruptive rock which German geologists are in the habit of calling melaphyre. It is this rock too which is penetrated by the railway in the neighborhood of Oberstein, and has thus given rise to the cuttings and tunnels which the visitor passes through, whether he approach the town on the one side from Bingen, along the foot of the Hunsrück, or on the other side from Trèves through the rich coal-field of Saarbrücken. The melaphyre has burst through the sandstones of this coal-field, and comes to the surface in several masses, the largest of which occupies a considerable area around Oberstein, where it is surrounded on all sides by Permian rocks, and is cut through by the river Nahe and its tributary streams.

It would be difficult to find a word in the geologist's vocabulary which has been more abused than Brongniart's name "melaphyre," save perhaps our conveniently ambiguous term "greenstone." A good deal of uncertainty hangs over the original definition, but this has been vastly increased by the different ways in which the term has since been applied. A plagioclasic felspar is the prime constituent; and, according to M. Delesse's analysis, the felspar of the Oberstein melaphyre appears to be labradorite.\* Specimens from the railway-station contain a plagioclase of blood-red color, due to the presence of lamellæ of ferric oxide.† Micro-

\* Delesse: "Sur le Porphyre Amygdaloïde d'Oberstein." (*Ann. des Mines* [4], xvi., p. 511.)

† Zirkel: "Die mikr. Beschaff. d. Min. u. Gesteine," p. 414.

scopic research has shown that in many melaphyres the plagioclase is associated with an orthoclase. Formerly it was supposed that the rock was destitute of olivine, and in this respect differed markedly from basalt; it has, however, been found of late years that olivine is frequently present, and indeed it is difficult to separate some melaphyres, when fresh and unweathered, from true felspar-basalts. Augite, however, is not so constant a constituent of melaphyre as was formerly supposed; in some cases the augite appears to be transformed into a chloritic mineral, and indeed much of the Oberstein rock has a greenish tint. Magnetite is always present, as in so many other eruptive rocks.

Some varieties of melaphyre are compact in texture, others porphyritic, and others again amygdaloidal. All these varieties are to be collected in the neighborhood of Oberstein, but it is only the last named that is of interest for our present purpose. Just as the carbonic anhydride disengaged during fermentation imparts a cellular character to the dough, which is retained in the bread; so, while the palæozoic lava, which we call melaphyre, was still plastic, bubbles of gas or of steam were disengaged, and have left their impress in the rock, the molten matter having been sufficiently tough to prevent collapse of the walls. Although the normal form of these bubbles would be more or less globular, or probably pear-shaped, with the narrow end downwards, it has generally happened that, during the flow of the lava, the cavities have been drawn out in the direction of the current, so as to form elongated rather flattened cavities, resembling an almond in shape, whence the common name amygdaloid or *Mandelstein*. These vesicles are in some cases empty; but usually they are filled to a greater or less extent with mineral matter, which has been deposited in them by chemical changes occurring in the rock subsequent to its formation. In many amygdaloidal rocks the mineral is merely carbonate of calcium, as may frequently be seen in our well-known Derbyshire "toadstones," which are melaphyres interbedded in the carboniferous limestone. But the cavities in the amygdaloidal rocks of Oberstein are for the most part filled with silica in some of its protean forms. As you pass along cuttings by the roadside you may see the rock charged in some places with myriads of little chalcedonic nodules, or rudimentary agates, which look like so many fossil almonds. Indeed, the notion that the agates of Mount Carmel

were petrified melons, was seriously entertained by a writer of only a century and a half ago.\* Frequently the siliceous nodules are so abundant that the rock does not look unlike a conglomerate, and some mineralogists have even supposed that the agates are really pebbles and the enclosing rock nothing but the cementing material.†

Although it is almost universally admitted that the vesicular cavities now occupied by the agates have originated in the manner described above, it is only fair to remark that a few Neptunists, unwilling to attribute an igneous origin to basalt and melaphyre, have sought to explain the formation of the cavities by assuming that they represent crystals in a porphyritic rock, which have been removed in solution, thus leaving angular hollows, the walls of which have since been rounded and otherwise modified by various solvents which have gained access to the cavities.‡

To explain the formation of an agate, with its concentric layers of chalcedony, jasper, quartz, and other siliceous minerals, is by no means so easy a matter as may at first sight appear. Not that there is any difficulty in getting the needful supply of silica to form the agate. It may be fairly assumed that some of the component minerals of the agate-bearing rocks will suffer decomposition by meteoric waters holding carbonic acid gas in solution, and that among the products of decomposition free silica will be found. It is notable that the more altered the rock, the finer the agates it contains; thus suggesting some relation between the destruction of the rock and the construction of the agates. We have seen that labradorite is a constant constituent of melaphyre; and this is, of all felspars, the most prone to alteration. Acted on by carbonated waters the silicate of calcium is decomposed, and a carbonate formed, whilst silica is set free. It should be remembered that the siliceous minerals in an agate are often accompanied by carbonate of calcium and by various zeolitic minerals. A large crystal of calcite may frequently be seen seated in the drusy interior of an agate-geode; and it has even been suggested that the so-called "fortification agate" may owe its angularity of outline, as seen in section, to the deposition of silica, either upon or in the place

\* Breye: "*Epistola de Melonibus petrefactis Montis Carmeli*," 1722.

† Volger: "*Studien zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Mineralien*," p. 533.

‡ See Bischof: "*Lehrbuch d. Chem. u. Phys. Geol.*" 1866, Bd. iii., p. 620.

of pre-existing crystals of calcite or of some zeolite.\*

But though there may not be much difficulty in tracing the origin of the silica, there are on the contrary extreme difficulties in seeking to interpret some of the appearances presented by agates. Why, for example, should the silica, in one and the same stone, be sometimes deposited in the form of chalcedony, and sometimes shot forth as crystallized quartz; now deeply colored as bright red jasper, and now delicately tinted as purple amethyst; at one time affecting a crystalline condition, and at another time colloidal? Such alternations in the character of the deposits must have recurred again and again in the history of many banded agates. The successive strata differ considerably in texture, hardness, transparency, color, and other physical properties; but what has determined these differences? Layer after layer has been spread in equal thickness over all the irregularities of surface, each coat exquisitely thin and delicate; Sir D. Brewster measured the thickness of some of these strata, and found them between one seventeen thousand two hundred twentieth and one fifty-five thousand seven hundred sixtieth of an inch.† How have layers of such extreme tenuity, and yet continuous, been deposited all round the inner walls of an irregularly-shaped cavity? These are questions which, simple as they may seem to some at the first blush, will be found to grow in difficulty the more carefully they are studied.

Jacob Nöggerath, the venerable professor at Bonn, who many years ago paid great attention to the study of agates, always maintained that the liquid from which the silica was deposited gained access to the cavities through special openings, or inlets of infiltration.‡ In some specimens the canal actually remains open, but usually it has become choked by continued deposition of silica. An agate may be so cut by accident that the section passes through this infiltration channel. In some specimens several openings of this kind may be detected. Assuming, however, that the solution of silica was thus introduced, it is difficult to see how the deposit could have been regu-

larly thrown down in concentric layers all round the walls of the hollow; no thicker, be it remarked, on the floor of the cavity, than on its roof. It is true we find in certain agates horizontal layers, as though the mineral matter had settled on the floor in obedience to gravity; but then we are perplexed at finding that these flat bands often alternate in the same specimen with regularly concentric deposits, which run with uniform thickness all round the walls. Bischof suggested that the horizontal bands were formed when the fluid, having been introduced rapidly, was then allowed to rest in the bottom of the cavity; whilst the concentric zones were precipitated from a solution which filtered in slowly, and merely spread over the walls without accumulating on the floor.\* To avoid the difficulty of explaining the formation of banded agates by admission of the liquid through special inlets, another hypothesis was advanced by the late Professor Haidinger. According to him the genesis of an agate could be best understood by assuming that, instead of a local infiltration, there had been a general exsudation through the walls of the cavity, so that all parts—the roof not less than the floor—would thus become uniformly coated with silica. The great objection to this explanation lies in the difficulty of understanding how the solution could continue to gain access to the cavity after the first impermeable layer had been deposited. Most mineral substances are porous, and Bischof has cited the case of a compact basalt which when freshly broken was found to contain drops of water in the very heart of the rock. Some of the layers of agate are permeable with great ease, either through distinct pores or between the fibres of which chalcedony commonly consists, as shown under the microscope. But it will be presently seen, when referring to the method of staining agates, that whilst some layers are thus freely permeable others appear to be absolutely impervious; and it is difficult to conceive how the agate-forming process could be continued after an impervious lining had once been thrown down upon the walls. To meet this objection, however, it is argued that every agate is sufficiently penetrated by direct fissures to offer means of ingress to the siliceous solution. Whatever views may be held as to the formation of the main mass of the agate, it is generally believed that the first

\* "On Quartz, Chalcedony, Agate, Flint, Chert, Jasper, and other Forms of Silica geologically considered." By Professor T. Rupert Jones, F.R.S., etc. "Proc. Geol. Assoc." vol. iv., p. 443.

† *Philosophical Magazine*, (3), vol. xxii. p. 213.

‡ "Ueber die Achat-Mandeln in den Melaphyren." Haidinger's "Naturwiss. Abhandlungen," vol. iii., Part i., pp. 93, 147.

\* "Lehrbuch d. Chem. u. Phys. Geologie," 1866, vol. iii., p. 630.



lining of the cavity, in the form of a thin layer of delessite, or ferruginous chlorite, which constitutes the green rind of most agates, is the result of a general percolation and not of local deposition.

As both theories obviously present difficulties, a third mode of origin has been suggested by Dr. Reusch.\* If a thin cream of plaster of Paris be introduced into an irregularly-shaped cavity, shaken round, and then poured out, a layer will be left lining the walls of the hollow; by introducing in this way plaster of various colors, successive layers are formed; and, on cutting open the nodule, the appearance presented is strikingly similar to that of a section of a banded agate. Reusch supposes that by the action of intermittent thermal springs the cavities in the amygdaloidal rock have been alternately filled and emptied. The solution carried upwards would certainly be more concentrated, and probably more highly colored than the descending solution, from which much of the silica had of course been separated during its sojourn in the cavity; hence the differences in the characters of the different layers. Not altogether satisfied with this theory, Herr Lange, of Idar, has suggested some modifications which he conceives will help to account for the regular deposition of thin layers lining the walls of the cavity.† He supposes that after gelatinous silica has been precipitated on the floor of a cavity, an accession of temperature causes the water to boil, and the pressure of the steam then forces the jelly in all directions against the walls of the enclosed space. If the tension of the steam become too great, it forces an exit by piercing the shell; hence what we commonly call inlets of infiltration may after all be exactly the reverse—eruptive, instead of irruptive, canals; channels of egress rather than of ingress.

Both Reusch and Lange argue in favor of the deposition of silica from heated solutions. Great, without doubt, is the solvent action of water at a high temperature, and great the proportion of silica capable of being thus held in solution, as testified by the vast mass of siliceous sinter deposited by the hot springs of Iceland, Colorado, and New Zealand. It has been well established too by the experiments of M. Daubrée,‡ that certain silicates are readily attacked by water at high tempera-

ture and pressure, and suffer decomposition with separation of silica. But, on the other hand, many excellent chemical geologists are satisfied with the feebleness of cold water, and see a sufficient cause of agate-making in the slow but ceaseless action of meteoric waters draining through the rock, decomposing the component silicates, and depositing free silica. Such action must necessarily be slow; so slow, in fact, that, according to Bischof's estimate, the deposition of a layer one line in thickness requires twenty-one years. In order to form one pound of amethyst at least ten thousand pounds of water must have been introduced into the cavity and evaporated; an action which has been estimated to occupy the vast period of twelve hundred and ninety-six thousand years.\* But this represents the formation of only a small stone, whilst in some parts of the world agates of gigantic size have been brought to light. Thus, an agate weighing a centner (one hundred and ten pounds) was found near Oberstein in 1844. The cavities in which the larger agates occur, were probably formed by the coalescence of several gas bubbles in the original lava.

Whatever agates are found in this country are comparatively small, the finest being the well-known "Scotch pebbles," principally from the Perthshire traps. Larger and finer stones are found in the melaphyre of Oberstein, especially in a hill known as the Galgenberg, or Steinkaulenberg, near Idar, a small town about two miles from Oberstein. As the mother-rock decomposes, the imbedded agates fall out, and these accumulating in the soil attracted attention at a very early date. It was, in fact, this occurrence of agates that led to the systematic quarrying of the melaphyre, and to the planting of agate-mills in the neighboring valleys. Documentary evidence carries us back four centuries, to A.D. 1454; but how much earlier the Galgenberg agates were worked it is difficult to conjecture.† Only, however, within the last forty years has the industry been fully developed, and this development has unquestionably been due to the large supply of fine stones from South America. In fact, for many years past the agate quarries of the Galgenberg have not been worked. The writer of this article visited them about ten years ago, under the guidance of an old agate-worker in Idar, but found that they had been long

\* "Ueber den Agat," Poggendorff's "Annalen," vol. cxxiii., p. 94.

† "Die Halbedelsteine aus der Familie der Quarze," Von G. Lange, 1868, p. 17.

‡ "Etudes sur le Métamorphisme," 1860, p. 89.

\* "Lehrbuch d. Chem. Geol.," vol. iii., p. 636.

† "Die Halbedelsteine und die Geschichte der Achat-Industrie," von G. Lange. The writer is much indebted to this work for local and technical details.

deserted. Adits had been run into the escarpment of the hill, and the softer parts of the melaphyre worked by irregular galleries. Agates, more or less perfect, are scattered in all directions over the floor of the workings, and may be picked out of the walls and roof; but these stones, though pretty enough as specimens, are for the most part scarcely worth cutting, consisting, as they generally do, of a thin rind of chalcedony, lined with a crop of amethyst crystals. A few German agates may, however, be still gathered by the poorer workers, though practically the mines have been abandoned in favor of the South American stones.\*

It was in 1827 that some Idar agate-workers, who had emigrated to South America with the view of settling in the German colony of St. Leopoldo, observed that the courtyard of a country house was paved with pebbles not unlike the familiar stones of their own hills. Specimens sent home, when cut, polished, and stained, turned out to be beautiful carnelian. The fortunate discoverers collected with ease, from the bed of the Rio Taquarie in Uruguay, several hundredweight of the loose stones, and despatched them to Oberstein. From that day to this the South American stones have been constantly imported, and still form the staple material with which the German mills are fed. Numerous other discoveries in Uruguay have been made by emigrants from the agate district of Oberstein, who have devoted themselves to the task of collecting the stones—a task which at the present time is always difficult and often dangerous.

Originally the stones were collected with little trouble, and shipped at little cost; they were found loose in the soil, and brought over simply as ballast. Of late years, however, the trouble and cost have been greatly increased; the agates, becoming scarcer, are found only with difficulty, the owners of the soil demand a rent for the right of search, the governments of Uruguay and Brazil impose an export duty on the agates, and the shipowners charge for their freight. Large quantities of these so-called "Brazilian stones" are nevertheless still imported, and the impetus given to the agate trade by their discovery half a century ago is not likely to die away.

The agates, having been collected in the interior, are sent down to the coast in wagons drawn by mules or by oxen; they are generally taken to Porto Alegre or to

Salto, whence they are despatched to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres in order to be shipped to Europe. Hamburg, Antwerp, and Havre have at different times been their destination; but at whatever port received they are sent thence by rail to Oberstein. The carnelians, on account of the small size of the pebbles, are packed in cases, but the other stones, unless of exceptional quality, are conveyed in open trucks, like common paving-stones. Arrived at Oberstein, they are sorted, and made up in lots, which are exposed for sale by auction in the courtyard of some well-known inn. Advertisements are inserted in the local papers (the *Amts-Blatt für das Fürstenthum Birkenfeld*, or the *Nahethal Bote*), and previous to the sale the agate-workers examine the parcels of stones, chip off fragments, and test them at home with special reference to their capability of receiving color by processes to be presently explained. The stones, when purchased, are sent to the agate-mills, where they are cut and polished on wheels turned by water-power.

In determining the location of the agate industry an abundant supply of water-power was a factor quite as important as the presence of the stones themselves. From the heights of the Hochwald and the Idarwald, in which the Hundsrück culminates, numerous streams roll down with great rapidity, and finally pour themselves into the river Nahe. Of these streams the most important to the agate-worker are the Idarbach and the Fischbach, especially the former. The little Idar is about 1,012 feet above the sea-level at the town of Idar itself, but at Oberstein, where it falls into the Nahe, its height is only 905 feet. In the valley between the two towns, scarce a couple of miles apart, most of the agate-mills are situated. In 1867 there were 153 mills, working 724 stones; and though the greater number of these are in Birkenfeld, some are situated in the adjoining Prussian territory.

Each mill contains from three to five stones, set on a horizontal axle, one extremity of which, passing outside the workshop, communicates with a water-wheel, by which the millstones are set in motion. Most of the older wheels are undershot, but overshot wheels are erected in the modern mills. Each wheel measures from ten to eighteen feet in diameter. As the working is dependent on a due supply of water it formerly happened that the mills were compelled to stand idle during the drought of summer or the frosts of winter; artificial provision is, however, now made

\* For a description of the quarries as they appeared thirty years ago, see Mr. W. J. Hamilton's paper in "Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.," vol. iv., p. 209.

for a supply of water during the dry season, and the use of steam has been introduced to a limited extent. When the writer last visited Oberstein, a small engine of 16-horse power was working in the mill of the Gebrüder Purper in Idar; this engine gave motion to five millstones, accommodating ten men, but was capable of turning eight stones, employing sixteen grinders. Another engine was working at Herrstein.

The millstones are made of red sandstone from the Bunter of the neighborhood of Landstuhl, near Mannheim. Each wheel is about five feet in diameter, and rotates in a vertical plane; the lower half of the wheel moving in a well beneath the floor of the workshop. The broad edge of the wheel is kept moist by a stream of water constantly trickling down from a launder running above the series of stones. Before being brought into use, the wheels are seasoned by exposure for some time in the open air. Stones fresh from the quarry have been known to suddenly fly to pieces while rapidly rotating; and on two occasions grinders have thus been killed in the Oberstein mills.\* The stones generally make three revolutions per second.

When choice stones are to be worked, it is usual to begin by slitting them into shape with steel wheels and diamond powder. The commoner agates, however, are not sawn, but roughly dressed with hammer and chisel, the workman acquiring by long practice great dexterity in striking the stones in the proper direction to insure the desired fracture. The grinding is effected on the broad edge of the red sandstone wheel, which is furrowed with channels corresponding in shape with the form which it is desired to give to the object under hand. Sometimes the agate is held simply in the grinder's hand, but usually it is attached to the end of a short stick, and thus applied to the moving wheel. During the rapid rotation of the wheel the siliceous stones are all aglow with a beautiful phosphorescent light, visible even in daylight; and the spectator can hardly bring himself to believe that the carnelians are not red hot. The phenomenon has been studied by Professor Nöggerath.†

One of the most striking, and at first sight painful, features in an agate-mill is the extraordinary position in which the grinders perform their work. Each stone

accommodates two men, side by side; but these men, instead of sitting at the wheel, lie stretched in an almost horizontal position. The workman lies upon a low wooden grinding-stool, specially constructed to fit to the chest and abdomen, leaving the limbs free; the hands are engaged in holding and guiding the agate, whilst the feet are firmly pressed against short stakes, or blocks of wood, screwed into the floor; the reaction enabling the grinder to press the agate with much force against the moving millstone. Long experience has shown that in this unnatural position the workman has the greatest command over his work, and the grinding is, in fact, carried on traditionally in the same way as it was certainly done a century ago. It might be supposed that the health of the workman would suffer by this constant compression of his chest, but so far from this being the case, the grinders seem to be a strong class of men; they are often to be heard singing cheerfully at their work, and are contented though receiving extremely low wages. It is, in fact, the low value of labor in this rather out-of-the-way district that enables dealers in this country and elsewhere to sell polished agates at excessively low prices.

After having been ground, the agates are polished on cylinders of hard wood or on metal discs, either of lead or of zinc; these are caused to rotate by leather bands connected with the axis of the water-wheel which turns the millstones. Moistened tripoli is employed as the polishing agent. The hollowing-out of vessels, such as bowls; the boring of agate beads; and the engraving of cameos, on onyx, are branches of agate-working which are largely practised at Oberstein, but which we have no space here to describe. It remains, however, to notice one of the most interesting departments of the industry.

Beautiful as agates unquestionably are in their natural state, their beauty is, in the judgment of most people, greatly enhanced by the artificial processes of coloring to which the stones are now almost universally subjected by the Oberstein workers. Not that the art of staining is by any means a modern discovery. It was, in fact, known to the ancients, and the matter did not escape the notice of the omnivorous Pliny, though his description is obviously imperfect.\* He tells us

\* "Description of the Agate Mills at Oberstein in Germany." *Mechanic's Magazine*, 1823, vol. i., p. 197.  
† *Philosophical Magazine* (4), vol. xiv., p. 237.

\* See Nöggerath's paper, "*Die Kunst Onyx, Carnole, Chalcedone, und andere verwandte Steine zu färben, zu Erhäuterung einer Stelle des Plinius Secundus.*" (*Neues Jahrbuch*," 1847, p. 473.) The

that the Arabian stones are purified by leaving them for seven days and seven nights in honey. Now the stones might be left in honey till doomsday without their tint being in any wise improved, and yet not a word is said with respect to any further treatment. If a stone, which has been steeped in honey, be placed in sulphuric acid, the acid entering the pores of the stone decomposes the saccharine matter which has been absorbed, and a deposit of carbon is thus thrown down in a finely divided form in the interstices of the stone, producing a deep black color. To believe that the ancients stained their agates in this way is to assume that they were acquainted with oil of vitriol; but as it is generally believed that this acid was first obtained by Basil Valentine in the fifteenth century, some writers have suggested that the Roman stone-workers availed themselves of the sulphuric acid naturally exhaled in certain volcanic districts, whilst others again have maintained that the sugar was charred by simple exposure to heat. In whatever manner the ancients effected the coloring, it is certain that the Italian cameo-workers have always been familiar with a process of staining, and these workers were in the habit of visiting Oberstein, from time to time, for the purpose of purchasing the finest onyxes, which they took back to Rome, there to be stained and engraved. The German workers, who sold the uncolored stones, remained, however, entirely ignorant of the process until the year 1819. It then happened that a native of Idar and one of the Roman stone-engravers got into difficulties in Paris, and were imprisoned together; during their confinement they became communicative, the conversation frequently turned upon agates, in which they had a common interest, and the secret escaped from the loquacious Italian. Shortly afterwards it was conveyed to Oberstein, and, once out, soon became common property. The art of coloring, so as to produce good onyx from comparatively worthless stone, gave great impetus to the manufacture.

As at present practised, the stones, having been well washed, are usually placed in a syrup of honey and water, or in some cases, in olive-oil. They are then exposed for some time—at least three days, and often longer—to a moderate heat, in a vessel standing in hot ashes or on a German stove, care being taken that the liquid

does not boil. When removed they are well washed and placed in sufficient commercial oil of vitriol to cover them, and again exposed to gentle heat. After they have taken color, they are removed and well washed; and it is often the practice to finally lay them in oil, which improves the lustre. If too strongly stained, the color may be "drawn" by the action of nitric acid.\* The *rationale* of the process of coloring is extremely simple. Certain layers of an agate are found to be porous, whilst others are well-nigh impervious. When, therefore, such an agate is steeped in syrup or in oil, the liquid is absorbed by the porous layers only, and the subsequent treatment with sulphuric acid carbonizes the saccharine or oleaginous matter, and thus produces a deep brown or blackish color in certain strata, by impregnation with carbon. Some agates never lend themselves to this treatment, and altogether refuse to take color, whilst others color in a few hours: the South American stones usually take the color readily, and hence their great value to the cameo-worker.

It is clear that the essence of this process lies in the differences of texture displayed by the various strata in an agate. Such differences are strikingly seen when a polished section of an agate is exposed to the action of hydrofluoric acid; the different layers are then corroded in different degrees, and a rough surface is obtained, from which Dr. Leydolt has been enabled to print perfect impressions, showing with fidelity every line in the structure of the stone.†

At the same time that the porous layers of an agate are deepened in color by the process of staining, the intervening non-porous strata appear to be brought out of purer white color than before. This is probably in many cases the effect of contrast only; but it is known that chalcedony of bluish tint may by the action of heat be converted into a pure white stone. When an agate has been properly stained it usually exhibits alternate bands of strongly contrasted black and white chalcedony, thus becoming a true *onyx*—a stone greatly prized by the cameo-worker, who skilfully engraves a subject in the white layer, which then stands out upon a dark-colored ground. If the lower stratum, instead of being black, be brown or

\* "The Science of Gems." By Archibald Billing, M.D., etc., 1867, p. 62. This interesting work contains a view of Oberstein.

† "Denkschriften d. k. Ak. d. Wissenschaften." Vienna, vol. v., p. 107.

passage referred to is in Pliny's "Nat. Hist." bk. xxxviii., cap. 75.

reddish, the stone is known as a *sardonyx*: large numbers of such stones are cut for setting in rings. The reddish tint of the sardonyx and of the carnelian may be readily developed artificially, and the process of "burning" by which this is effected was indeed known in Germany long before the methods of coloring onyxes were patent. It had often been observed that greyish-colored agates, after long exposure to sunshine, became reddened, and the effect of artificial heat in developing the color had likewise been accidentally observed. Experiments were tried in 1813, and since then the stones have been systematically burned whenever carnelians are required, as has indeed been practised for ages in the East. The German workmen expose the stones for several weeks to the heat of an oven, the temperature being at first very gentle, and then gradually raised. When all moisture has been thus expelled, the stones are moistened with sulphuric acid, and again exposed to heat, the temperature being this time slowly raised to redness. The reddened stone must of course be allowed to cool very gradually.

In 1845 an Idar manufacturer introduced a method of coloring stones bright blue; but this process, unlike those previously described, produces an effect quite unknown among natural stones. Commonly, the agate is steeped first in solution of a ferric salt—a per-salt of iron—and then in ferrocyanide of potassium, or yellow prussiate of potash, whereby a precipitate of Prussian blue is thrown down in the pores of the stone. Other methods are employed, but these will suggest themselves to any chemist; in fact, almost any process yielding a blue precipitate may be applied.

About the year 1855 a green color was introduced, and chalcedony was thus tinted to resemble the natural chrysoprase. This color is produced by the use either of chromic acid or of a salt of nickel. Yellow is also a favorite tint among the Oberstein workers, and is commonly obtained by steeping the stones in hydrochloric acid. Of late years various fancy colors have likewise been employed, and even the aniline dyes have been pressed into the lapidary's service. Such tints are, however, fugitive, and are certainly to be eschewed as utterly unnatural, and therefore to most mineralogists little short of repulsive.

It is unnecessary to follow any of the minor branches of the agate industry, but in dismissing the subject let it not be for-

gotten that it is an industry which, in the neighborhood of Oberstein and Idar, gives employment to some three thousand hard-working and contented people.

From The Examiner.

#### A POLYNESIAN GRISELDA.

WAS there ever a Griselda? The heroic Petrarch and Boccaccio found for after poets and the world, Chaucer's "flour of wifly patience," remains with us lifelike too to-day; but is her character, with its sublime and ludicrous submission, its dignity and abjectness of utter obedience, its sedate approval of a lord and master's crimes, its strength and its servility, a possibility in the life of any age or people? No, answer experience, instinct, observation, induction, deduction, history, psychology—every form of reasoning and research. No, say the husbands emphatically. No, still more emphatically, say the wives. But other news has come from Polynesia. Griselda really existed there. At least the Rev. William Wyatt Gill says she did, and he is a missionary, and bound to keep his anecdotes truthful. Mr. Gill knew a man whose father knew her and all her family, including her husband. Mr. Gill does not call her Griselda; her name was Rao. And she did not entirely rival the Marquis of Saluzzo's wife, for her conjugal humility was not put to the test so long and so subtly. She had no children to give up to death as, like herself, their father's "own thing," and she was not called on to prepare her successor's wedding-feast. Her husband, being but an uneducated savage, merely took his own way with her, without any view to advancing her higher moral interests and teaching her to be a good wife; thus her womanly affections, her love and her jealousy, were not experimented upon, and her time of trial was short—an hour or two against Griselda's twelve years of contented endurance. But if ever the spirit of Griselda inhabited mortal body it must have been in this woman.

Rao, the idolized daughter of Rongovei, became the wife of a famous warrior, Tupa, chief fighter of his clan. They were a well-assorted and happy couple, and their pride in each other was almost as great as their love. If no Rarotongan hero could boast such a tale of vanquished and eaten foes as Tupa, who had such skill in music and song as the beautiful



Rao? Their countrymen gloried in them both, and they knew it. They lived a little apart from their fellow-villagers in a shadowed spot beneath cocoa-palms and chestnuts and breadfruit trees; the low wall that parted off their plot of home-ground from the luxuriant tropical wilderness around them was hidden with vines tangled among roses in perpetual bloom; from the distance the sound of the rushing breakers foaming against the coral rocks came softened into a lullaby. Here the married lovers lived in blissful peace, sharing together the gentle duties of home and, says Rao in her dirge, scarcely ever separated. Only the brave delight of war could draw Tupa from his darling's side; then he would hasten from the battle-field, clad with fresh renown, and bearing his prey with him; and there was rejoicing and banquetting, and Rao had composed a new song, one of the sweet little love-ditties or plaintive laments for which she was celebrated, and sang it tenderly when the feast was over and the savory foeman put away. A sister of Tupa's came to live with them, but she was devoted to her sister-in-law, and made no mischief. There was no cloud in the sky till the day when the enthusiasm of the too uxorious husband passed the wonted bounds and he loved not wisely but too well.

One day Rao, having little to do, be-thought herself that her luxuriant raven tresses had been too much neglected of late, and set to work to restore them to their natural splendor. But they were so impenetrably matted that all her pains went for nothing, and finally she thought it best to shave them off altogether; they would grow again more abundant than ever. She called Tupa to her aid, and he obligingly proceeded to remove her hair with a razor made of a shark's tooth fixed on a reed. Soon, to her joy, he had discovered a new beauty in his beautiful wife: as the white skin began to shine in patches through the thinned locks his eyes dwelled on it in admiration, and from time to time he burst into interjections of rapture. Presently the whole scalp was bare, and Tupa gazed in silence lost in ecstatic thought. "Does it all look so white?" said Rao, coquetishly bent on more compliments. It did, and Tupa's resolution was already formed. Kindly but resolutely he announced to her his intention of forthwith eating her; a woman with so fairskinned a head was too appetizing to resist. And when she had given one quick appealing glance at him she knew he was in earnest.

Boccaccio puts into the mouth of Griselda, when Walter of Saluzzo demanded of her the sacrifice of her infant son, an exquisite little speech full of tender subsequence, "*Signor mio, pensa di contentarte e di sodisfare al piacer tuo, e di me non avere pensiero alcuno, per cid che niuna cosa m'è cara se non quant'io la veggo a te piacere*"—or as the English ballad tersely renders it,—

Sith you, my lord, are pleased with itt,  
Poore Grissel thinks the actyon fitt.

In like spirit, but more laconically, Rao accepted her master's behest. "Do as thou wilt," she said simply. And then, while Tupa busied herself in getting ready the oven outside the house, she sat still indoors and composed a poem. With a confidence in her fidelity which does honor to them both, Tupa appears to have kept no watch over her; the village was not far off, two brothers of hers lived at an easy distance, but Rao had no thought of flight. She could not but know that public opinion would be against Tupa's manner of using his marital authority, for wife-eating was far from being a recognized custom in Rarotonga, but the true-hearted wife knew her duty, and would invoke no aid against her husband. She had

The laws of marriage charatered in gold  
Upon the blanchd tablets of her heart,

and the will of the natural arbiter of her destiny sufficed her. Still it must be owned that here she seems to fall short of the ideal perfection of Griselda. Griselda would have got ready the oven herself. Griselda, however, was not a poet; and Rao had her dirge to make. One might have been tempted to point from this a moral against literary occupations for women, since even a Rao could be drawn away by them from her housewifely duties, but that we are expressly told that she had been habitually diligent in preparing the daily food, and that she herself in her last poem refers with a pardonable touch of pride to the condition of her oven. Perhaps we may assume that it was by Tupa's desire she devoted her last moments to immortalizing their love and its fatal issue in her celebrated lament, instead of assisting him in the needful preparations.

Tupa's work took some time. The oven, a hole in the ground, was deep and wide, and he had to split firewood enough nearly to fill it, then to lay stones on the firewood. Next the firewood had to be all burnt to ashes, and the red-hot stones to be carefully arranged above the ashes

with a long hooked stick. Then a quantity of thick juicy leaves, freshly plucked, had to be thrown on the hissing stones, and when a cloud of scented steam rose into the air, and only then, the oven would be ready for Rao to be laid in it and carefully covered with more of the rich banana and breadfruit leaves. She had plenty of leisure for composition. And her sister-in-law sat by her, listening attentively, that she might be able to publish the poem afterwards to the tribe. This was Rao's lament:—

Alas! how have we talked, we two, till now!  
Weep, my love, weep:  
And now, farewell; we part; and I am gone:  
Weep for me, weep.  
How have we talked together, two alone!  
Ah, me! my joy, wilt thou not heed my moan?

My time is near,  
Death is already here.  
Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.  
Weep, dearest, weep.  
E rua ua karireia ē.

Weep for me, weep.  
The sun drops down below the mountain's brow;  
Love, wilt thou not think pity of my fate?  
Lo, my trim well-used oven by our gate!  
Hark! how he lops the branches from our tree!

He spreads the fire! hark! 'tis for cooking me.  
Weep for me, weep.  
Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Weep for me, weep.  
How happily have we two lived till now,  
In the sweet tasks of love, and side by side,  
In nothing known apart. And, if thy bride  
Was Rongovei's darling, not less dear  
The son-in-law who in the famine year  
Hungered to spare him of thy scanty cheer.

Weep, my love, weep.  
Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Ay, my love, weep,  
Lo, I am but the thing thy words allow,  
The dusky caval-fish, food prized by thee,  
The frequent fish from out the teeming sea,  
Turned over, over, in your oven's braise:  
But thou, my husband, thou, surpassing praise,  
Art fairer than the breadfruit cloth bleached white

And flashing in the noonday's sunny light.  
Weep for me, weep.  
Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Weep for me, weep.  
Oh pity me, my husband, dearest, best;  
I am thine own, destroy me; 'twas my vow—  
Yet keep me, darling, keep me, and forgive;  
Clasp me once more unto thy constant breast;  
Oh! for thine own sake spare me, let me live.

Nay weep, nay weep.  
Farewell, we part forever; farewell, thou.  
Weep, my love, weep.  
E rua ua karireia ē.

Mr. Gill suggests "Fal, la!, la!", as the English equivalent of the burden of mere vocal sounds occurring in the first and last stanzas, "*E rua ua karireia ē*." But one can hardly admit that Rao, however desirous of expressing her resignation, would, as a poet, have chosen to do so by enlivening her dirge with a comic chorus. Rather it may be supposed that the sounds have a note of sorrow in them to Polynesian ears; something corresponding to the mournful "waly, waly," of one of our own most pathetic ballads. There is a touch of craft in the praise of Tupa's conduct during the famine; Rao, who would not be guilty of argument against her husband, would yet, if she could, awake in him the remembrance of his former self-control—how he had borne to be hungry and had eventually been all the happier for it: she would, if she could, insinuate into his mind an emulation of himself. A like subtlety appears in the next stanza; it is not only for the aptness of the metaphors that she speaks of cavalry-fish and of bread-fruit, the reference to them might perhaps inspire her husband with an appetite for more customary food than herself. Yet one would not blame her for her harmless devices to turn her husband's mood, as if they had been a resistance to it. And if, unlike Griselda who was pleased with everything that happened to her and through all her miseries "lived contented," she breaks into grief and even entreaty, it must be remembered that she could not compose a lament without.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that this unsophisticated savage, whom Mr. Gill's friend's father knew, industrious over her last song while the oven was being made ready for her, offers an encouragement to those whose sense of congruity is jarred upon by the cavatine of sopranos and tenors in peril on the operatic stage. The child of nature did what librettists make the *prima donna* do.

Rao completed her dirge to her own and her sister-in-law's satisfaction, and sat practising it, ready for Tupa. It so moved the sister-in-law that she formed an heroic resolution—a resolution which she kept—that she would not eat a morsel of Rao. She might perhaps have called some of Rao's family to the rescue, but she was an invalid, dying of cancer, and could not leave the house. All she could do she did; she learned the song. At last Tupa had got his leaves asteam, and came. Rao sang him the dirge. Then he

strangled her and hastened with her to the oven.

Tupa had his feast that day, and looked forward to the morrow. But on the morrow, while he was out hiding some of his provisions in an extemporized storehouse in the bole of a hollow chestnut-tree, Rao's two brothers strolled over to see her, and the sister-in-law, unable to forgive her brother for depriving her of Rao's companionship and kindly attendance, told the story of Tupa's dinner. The brothers hastened to their home for their spears, tracked Tupa to his chestnut-tree, rushed together upon him with a mighty shout, and in one moment he lay dead at their feet. They cooked him in his own oven under the chestnut-trees by his gate, the oven which, still seen near the ruined homestead, bears Rao's name. He had laid the fire ready to light that day to re-cook some of his wife. What was left of Rao was duly anointed with aromatic oil and, shrouded in breadfruit-cloth, solemnly lowered into the great chasm where the dead of her tribe were placed to rest under the guardianship of the gods.

Grisild is dead, and eke her patience.

The missionaries have taught the Rarotongan women that it is their duty not to be eaten even by their husbands.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S PICTURES.

THAT little friend of Lord Granville's who, on finding that the illustrations in his present to her were poorly executed, dropped her book, with a curtsy, into the waste-paper basket, had, he thinks, obviously been æsthetically educated by the highly-finished drawings and engravings produced for the children of the present day. But none the less, we doubt very much whether the children of the present day, with all their finely-executed picture-books, are really as well off in this respect as our great and great-great grandfathers and grandmothers, with their "Marshall's Universal Battledore" and "Universal Shuttlecock," price 2d.; "Jacky Dandy's Delight," price 1d.; "The Good Child's Delight," price 4d.; and all the other "fine gilt-books," which, as it is stated in the history of "Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove," were bought by that excellent, though somewhat shapeless gentleman, Squire Martin, "from Mr. Marshall, No.

17 Queen Street, Cheapside, and No 4 Aldermay Churchyard, Bow Lane" [was he, we wonder, the prehistoric form of Simpkin and Marshall?] to give to "such little *good* Girls and Boys" as he (Squire Martin) should find worthy of them. It cannot be denied, indeed, that the art, as well as the literature, of those old days (say, from the end of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth centuries) abounded in fictitious assumptions. When Billy Freeman gets attacked by the turkey-cocks in Farmer Kilbacon's yard, and when Squire Martin rescues him from their clamor, and asks him what is the matter, and Billy replies in much agitation, "Si-si-si-sir, I, I, wa-was going to p-p-play in the farmer's yard, and the turkies hissed me out; and that is not all, the great dog barked at me, and pulled me into the hog-trough," — the benevolent Squire Martin rejoins with this audacious fiction, "'Pho-pho, I am sure both the dog and the turkies are good-natured to all boys and girls who learn their Book, and are dutiful to their parents. But now I talk of books, let me hear how you can read;' so sitting down on a bench, he took Billy between his knees, and pulling out one of 'Marshall's Universal Battledores,' asked him the letters," — whereon, of course, it appears that Billy knew none of them, and so verified the violent hypothesis of the jesuitical Squire as to the relation between the tyranny of turkeys and the penalties of ignorance. And that bold fiction of the late Mr. Marshall's benevolent customer is, in fact, a very good illustration of the pious frauds, not only of the teachers, but of the artists of the day. When Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove knock up a friendship at school, and we are told that they had "become the delight of all the ladies and gentlemen in the country," the artist who delineates them is most anxious to possess all who see his work with the fiction that the whole creation recognizes their merits. He presents them to us with their ruffled hands clasped in each other, their extensive bag-waist-coats extending over very well-nourished bellies nearly to their knees, their legs, clad in small-clothes, standing very wide apart, so that all animate things might get a peep of the world under either triumphal arch, while the demure faces under their cocked hats express in the most legible characters for all the gentry of the neighborhood their dutiful satisfaction in that marvellous brotherly love for which they have become so renowned. The artists of the olden days were evidently as anxious as the

schoolmasters to imbue youth with the fanciful superstition that no harm could happen to the good. The preternatural satisfaction, for instance, with which the good basket-maker of the story, stripped to the skin, but nevertheless with folded arms significant of profound equanimity, goes off at the king's command behind his once rich oppressor in a like state of nature but with arms in wild agitation, as showing his very slight confidence in *his* moral resources, "to a savage and remote island," only in order to teach the latter a lesson as to the moral advantages of industry over indolent wealth wherever human nature is reduced to its lowest terms, would alone tell the reader in the most vivid way how completely the artist was ready to enter into the pious fraud of Squire Martin, and persuade the children who gazed upon his pictures that all the world conspires together to punish indolence and reward industry. And it is the same with all the pictures in which the didactic ages delighted. We have before us, for instance, a facsimile of one of the great picture-alphabets of the Puritan Fathers, printed at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1691, in which "Z," for instance, stands for Zaccheus, of whom it is stated that

Zaccheus, he  
Did climb the Tree,  
Our Lord to see,

the picture representing Zaccheus as a sort of turnip with four dots of features upon it, into which a very fuzzy gorse-bush has unexpectedly blossomed, while the turnip hangs from the gorse-bush in so dangerous a position as to threaten falling on the heads of the small crowd with extended arms standing beneath. Yet even those four dots representing the features of Zaccheus manage to convey, not the humility of the man, but his self-satisfaction that the tree had been provided for his benefit, as a sort of reserved seat at a function of importance. This picture-alphabet may well be said to represent a period much more rudimentary, in the art of engraving at all events, than was the older stone age in drawing on reindeer horns. Yet the profound satisfaction and delight of morality in itself, and the subserviency of all creation to it, is deeply engraved upon it. Thus the letter "O," in the Puritan's alphabet, is accompanied by this admirable rhyme, —

Young Obadiah,  
David, Josias,  
All were pious,

and is illustrated by three figures with wands in their hands, so rudely drawn that it would seem hardly possible they should have any expression at all, but yet there is an expression of moral triumph over the universe, even in the scratches which shadow forth the countenances of Young Obadiah and his two companions. And the same may be said of the illustration annexed to the letter "S," and which is accompanied by the lines, —

Young Sam'l dear  
The Lord did fear.

"Young Sam'l's" face is wholly undecipherable, but his right arm is raised, certainly not in supplication, but in a most Pharisaic attitude of victorious virtue. There can be no doubt in any one's mind who has concerned himself at all with the illustrated children's books of the age of our ancestors, that the art of these books abounded in the moral fictions which are repeated in the didactic literature of the same day, and delighted in representing the triumphant power of morality over all things, animate and inanimate, and was even penetrated with the notion, — very much in opposition to the orthodox theology of the day, — that the good man was satisfied from himself.

Yet we suspect that Lord Granville's little *protégée* might, if she had been given one of the old illustrated works of our great-grandmothers, instead of the best work of the modern kind, have found much more delight in it than she could ever find in the most finished pictures of the new children's books. For one thing, in the old didactic illustrations, you never could mistake the artist's purpose, — and that, at all events with children, is no small matter. It may be very true, that the artist's purpose was to some extent jesuitical, — to make bad boys look more miserable than they are, and good boys more prosperous; to make prim girls appear the idol of all their friends, and lively ones their embarrassment and horror, which is not according to life; but anyhow, the satisfaction of a picture, especially for the young, depends in great measure on the easy mastery of its motive. When Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove stand hand-in-hand, with their lace ruffles gracefully mingled, and their two pairs of legs bowed by the sympathy of friendship, so as to enclose precisely symmetrical arcs, no child has a moment's doubt that the moral dignity attained by these schoolboy paragons of friendship is the real subject of the picture. All the Freemans and the

True-loves and all their connections evidently had such a picture, or something like it, continually before their mind's eye, and the artist was but reducing to visible form the vision of an enthusiastic countryside. So in the Puritans' Almanack of 1691, where Mr. Rogers, the Marian martyr, is seen enveloped in a mass of apparently wavy calico, which is really meant for Smithfield flames, and Mrs. Rogers (with her nine small children) stands by in triumph, looking with delight at as much of her husband as is not hidden by the rolls of calico, the motive of the picture, — the complete triumph of piety over pain in both Mr. Rogers and his worthy spouse, — is as conspicuous as is the scoffing disposition of the soldiers who are on guard at the stake. But the modern pictures have this defect that they are so very like fragments of real life (to which there is frequently no motive), that the child cannot catch any drift in the pictures at all, and is very apt, therefore, to get a much fainter impression out of them than out of the letter-press itself.

Again, whatever may be said of the execution of the old-fashioned illustrations, no one can deny their grotesqueness, nor the efficiency of that grotesqueness in impressing on children's minds the ideas associated with it. And though it is true that its tendency is to associate those ideas rather with the sense of the ludicrous than with any feeling of sympathy, yet we are not at all sure that that materially injures the effectiveness of the artist's purpose, so far as it was a wholesome purpose at all. For if you feel inclined to laugh at the ostentatious and pompous self-sufficiency of the virtue so grotesquely delineated, you feel no less inclined to laugh at the ostentatious idiocy and weakness of the folly or the vice, so that both sides of the controversy being alike inlaid with quaint exaggerations, the whole tendency of the result remains unaltered, though it is associated with a certain background of ludicrous effects. And the pleasure which the illustrations give is probably greater than any pleasure which undistorted art and accurate realism could carry into the undeveloped mind of a child. For undistorted art and truth must be full of the most complex shades and colors, which in their subtlety and completeness go far beyond a child's apprehension. All special emphasis involves a kind of disproportion; and all grotesqueness a certain amount of abstraction from real life, and an excessive stress on some quality out of which the sense of oddity arises. Why, for instance,

is the picture of the ill-behaved Miss Gresham, who jumps up on chairs, and goes down on all fours in the strawberry-bed to pick herself strawberries, so impressive in its contrast with the little prigs in mob-caps, — Miss Offley and the Miss Townsends, who look like lugubrious charity children engaged in singing psalms? Because the almost idiotic *diablerie* of the one child and the intolerable propriety of the others sets you off in fits of laughing, before you are aware of the details of Miss Gresham's bad behavior, which is thus described. At tea she "eagerly turned over the toast to search for the largest pieces, and helped herself so often that Mrs. Offley at last said, 'My dear Miss Gresham, I would have you eat as much as is proper for you, I am sure, but I think your mamma would not be pleased with your manner of helping yourself, nor with your taking so large a quantity. You must excuse me if I say I think you have had enough.' She then asked Miss Townsend and her sister, who had eaten much less, if they did not choose another cake or a piece more toast; to which Miss Townsend answered, 'Indeed, madam, we do not choose to eat any more, but if you will give me leave, I will put this small cake in my pocket for my brother Edward.' 'I do not give you leave to take that, miss,' said Mrs. Offley; 'I beg you will eat it, and I will give you another for Master Townsend.' 'That may be your present, then, madam,' says Miss Townsend, 'but if you please, this shall be saved for him, as I saved it from what I took for myself.' Now if, in the illustrations of these exemplary children, and the foil who sets them off, as a black background sets off a highly-colored foreground, the bad girl had not been made to look like pure greed and dishevelled impudence, and the good ones all primness and starch, there would have been nothing to illustrate. It is this which makes the point of the story, and if these excessive traits had been merged in a multitude of subdued realistic lines, the whole meaning for children would be gone. The old-fashioned illustrator used the features of rebellious or of dutiful children as the algebraist uses symbols apart from concrete numbers, — in order to fix attention on the *only* qualities with which it concerned him to deal. Now, in whatever direction that practice may have failed, it at least succeeded in the one object of associating moral lessons with some of the funniest figures, and some of the blandest assumptions of triumphant infantine virtue, which were ever



drawn upon paper. That surely is a great deal better than so delineating any moral incident as to make nothing clear except that it is doubtful whether there were any lesson in it to be made clear. The old artists may have given us little but the skeleton of their lesson, and that in no very elegant disguise, but the modern artists give us too often no lesson at all,—only that hard concrete of fact out of which it is almost impossible for children to extract a significance, or with which they can associate any definite meaning. For children, at least, the old grotesque exaggerated art was both the more amusing and the more impressive.

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From The Month.  
SCENERY IN HOLLAND.

THERE is Schiedam, with its three hundred distilleries of the "precious liquor," gin, hollands, which you please, though properly it is Schiedam; there it stands enveloped in smoke, and redolent, out to its very station, with local smells which are not all of spirit. For Schiedam, like Cologne, has odors which are not perfumes. And well indeed it may, seeing that its population comprises sixteen thousand people and forty thousand pigs! The bibeds manufacture and help to consume the spirit, the quadrupeds work not, but fatten upon the grain. Sturdy Dutch are they, both in their several ways, and, as the picture-galleries of Europe show us, dear alike to the hearts, eyes, and hands of the native painters. Next follows Delft, a name familiar in our mouths as household words, for what household is without its delft? Dickens, if we rightly remember, has photographed the place, or should we not rather say, has painted a Dutch word-picture of it, somewhere in his magazine, which is so good that it will well repay a search for it even with so vague a reference as we can give. As we travel on towards the Hague we look with

wondering eyes upon the scenery around. It is so familiar: the wide-spreading, flat country, every broad meadow, every stagnant, weed-covered ditch which encloses it and shuts it off from just such another meadow on every side of it; every high and narrow road which rises above and between these verdant meadows and as verdant dykes, every cow ruminating in the rich pastures, or turning its calm, placid eyes on the passing train; every farmer jogging along on his heavy horse, and every milkmaid with her bright copper pail, seems to have been painted for us years ago by Cuyp, who has caught, too, with such wondrous skill the sun-glow which illuminates without brightening the scene, and with its rich haze of golden warmth makes languor an enjoyment and idleness almost a necessity of life. Here at our very entrance into the land came upon us that strange sensation, which repetition could never make quite familiar, and which sometimes comes across us so queerly in dreams that we have somewhere and somehow seen and felt all this before. We appear to know what will occur next, and see beforehand place and circumstances which are yet upon us for the first time. Who has not felt and shuddered at this, which in many cases is so inexplicable? But here, of course, the mystery is soon unravelled. The Dutch painters — those, at least, who are Dutch in their subjects also — seeming to have little to kindle their imaginative powers, throw their strength into the real, and concentrate into a literal reproduction of what is before their eyes the faculties which with others are more variously employed. The materials for their compositions are of necessity few and simple, but these they have deeply studied and honestly represented. Doubtless there is a dignity in this simple treatment of homely and unpicturesque scenes, for in truth there is a refinement which the cultivated eye cannot fail to recognize that raises them — artist and picture alike — into a very high place on the roll of art.